Saint Andrew's College Review

St. Andrew's College
ΑΝΔΡΙΖΕΣΘΕ ΚΡΑΤΑΙΟΥΣΘΕ
ΑΝΔΡΙΖΕΣΘΕ ΚΡΑΤΑΙΟΥΣΘΕ
UROR

Mid-Summer
1932

The University of Toronto

The Provincial University of Ontario

Faculties:—Arts (including Sciences and Commerce), Medicine, Applied Science and Engineering, Household Science, Education (Ontario College of Education), Forestry, Music, School of Graduate Studies, and Dentistry.

Attractive two-year courses leading to diplomas in Occupational Therapy and in Physiotherapy are offered to young women of eighteen years or over who have the prescribed Pass Matriculation and Honour Matriculation standing. There is a one-year diploma course in Teaching and Administration for Graduate Nurses.

For bulletins on courses in the Pure Sciences, in Applied Science and Engineering, and in the diploma courses, write to the Director, University Extension, University of Toronto, Toronto 5, Ontario. For Calendars of the various Faculties write to the Registrar.

An INVESTMENT in life insurance guarantees in advance the results of future work. Whether or not fate gives you the lifetime to achieve your goal, on the appointed day the proceeds of your life insurance investment become payable—to you or to yours —one hundred cents on the dollar.

CONFEDERATION LIFE

Head Office: ASSOCIATION Toronto, Canada

INSURANCE in FORCE over $380,000,000

President and General Manager:
CHARLES S. MACDONALD, M.A.

Assistant General Manager and Actuary,
V. R. SMITH, M.A., A.A.S., A.I.A., F.A.I.A.

Are we right in this?

We believe that every man appreciates good material and pleasing pattern. But the hardest thing for him to find is the shop that can make the best of the little details and end up with a suit that he hates to see wear out.

With us the man is the first consideration — Our clothes must be made to suit him.

Exclusive with

Ed·Provan

275 YONGE STREET
TORONTO

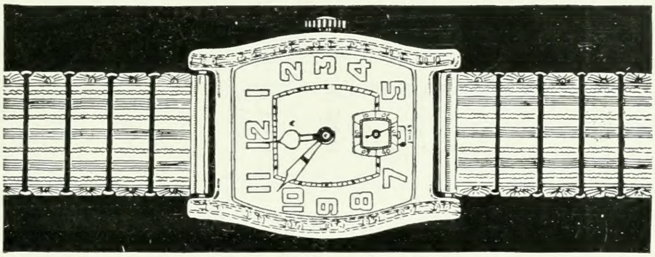
Choose Your

Camp Footwear at
SIMPSONS

GOING to camp this Summer? You'll need plenty of Footwear for "roughing it." Simpsons has an unrivalled selection that will see you through every activity, from the heavy going in the bush to speedy work on the paths of the baseball diamond.

High Cut Hiking Boots	$5.50
Heavy Boots	$4 to $5
Kamp Shoes	$2.39 to $2.95
Running Shoes	90c. to $2
Bathing Sandals	75c. to $1.25
Rubbers	70c.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED



FOR
GOOD SERVICE

Here is a man's or boy's wrist watch that we can recommend very highly. It is fitted with an accurate movement and has luminous figures and hands. . . The case is white, or green gold-filled with adjustable gold-filled bracelet. . . . . .

●

PRICE: - - - $15.00

●

RYRIE BIRKS
LIMITED
DIAMOND MERCHANTS & SILVERSMITHS
YONGE AND TEMPERANCE
TORONTO

Clever Gifts

To the young man at college, Ellis Bros. is a treasure house of smart, original gifts for his chums, his parents, his "best girl" and his friends. Here—gathered from all the world—are gift novelties in the best of taste, priced inexpensively. See particularly the price tables at $1, $2.50, $5 and $7.50.

· ELLIS BROS ·
Limited
· TORONTO Jewellers ·
94-98 Yonge St.

President:
E. R. WOOD
Vice-President, the Canadian Bank of Commerce

Vice-Presidents:
G. A. MORROW
President, Imperial Life Assurance Company
H. C. COX
Chairman of the Board, Canada Life Assurance Company

LEIGHTON McCARTHY, K.C.
President, Canada Life Assurance Company

CENTRAL CANADA
LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY
Established 1884

Head Office:
King & Victoria Sts.
TORONTO 2

Branch Office:
23 Simcoe St. North
OSHAWA

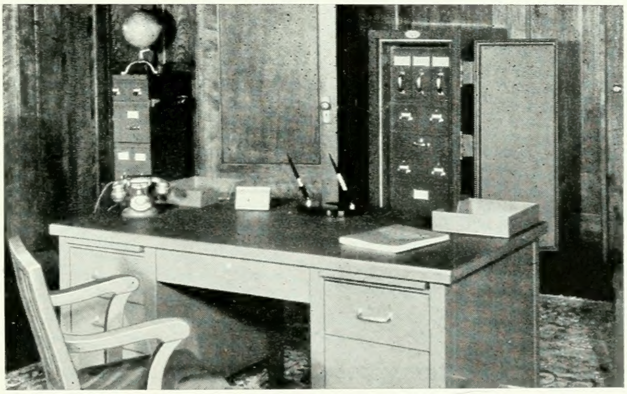
PLAY!

Your college sports provide the opportunity for Healthful Recreation

Play your favourite game, Cricket, Tennis, Golf or Football, with dependable equipment. Wilson athletic goods will help you win your game.

Ask for our new Summer Sports Catalogue.

The HAROLD A. WILSON
COMPANY LIMITED
299 YONGE STREET, TORONTO



Complete Office Equipment
MAKER TO USER SERVICE

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED

Home Office and Factories: NEWMARKET, ONT.
Branches in Principal Cities

London Guarantee and Accident Company Limited

Contract Bonds	**Guarantee Bonds**
Automobile	**Accident**
Burglary	**Sickness**
Liability	**Plate Glass**

Fire Insurance

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA:
465 BAY STREET
TORONTO 2

GEORGE WEIR
MANAGER FOR CANADA
ADELAIDE 8274

FIRE DEPT.
54 ADELAIDE ST. EAST
ELGIN 5795

HARRY *DOUG.*
WATSON & McVITTIE
Insurance Brokers
509 CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING
TORONTO
PHONE ELGIN 8191

The Provident Investment Coy.

REAL ESTATE FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS

200 BAY STREET

ELGIN 3397 and 3398

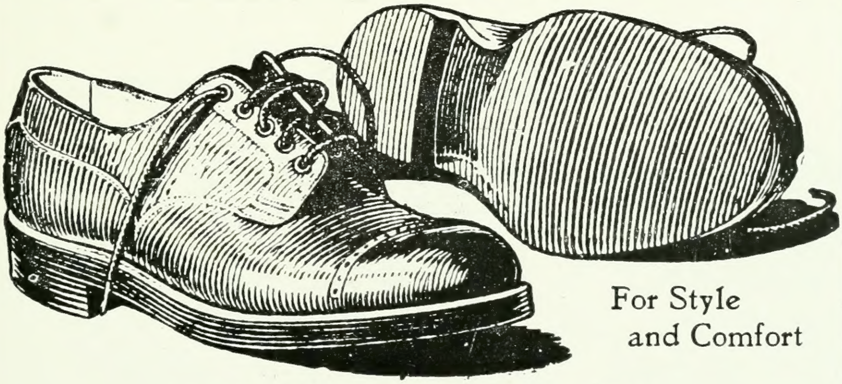
S. LIGHTFOOT & SON

23 ST. LAWRENCE MARKET

Caterers in

FRUITS and VEGETABLES

REFRIGERATED PRODUCTS



LEE BROS. CELEBRATED

ENGLISH OXFORDS

$9.00

Owens & Elmes Limited

89 Yonge St., Toronto

Toronto's Flower Shoppe

2518 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Easter Greetings to all Brother Andreans

As usual I will give personal attention to your orders.

Our Telegraph Service covers the globe

Just call Hudson 9846

ED. SIMMONS, Proprietor

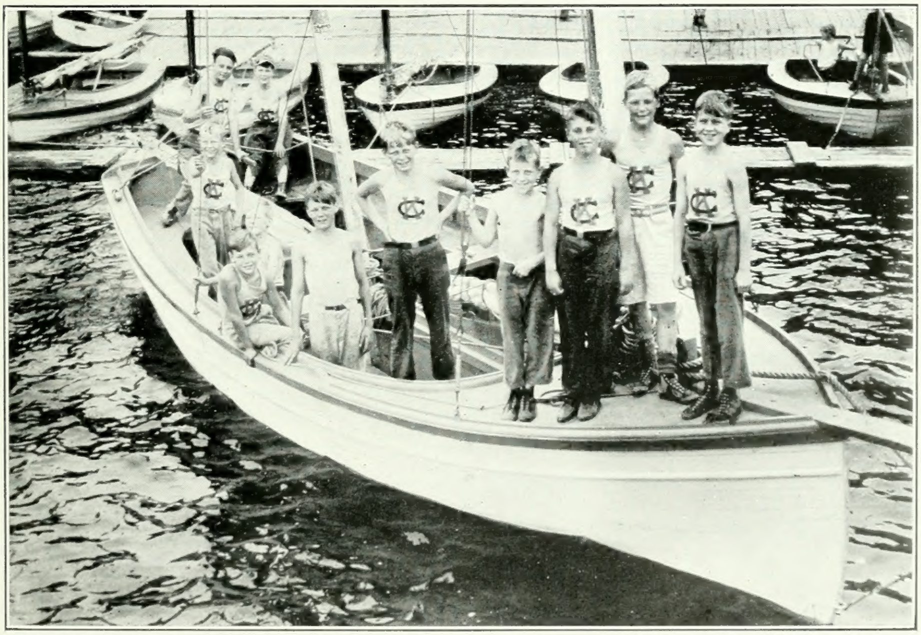
THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

PRINTERS PUBLISHERS BOOKBINDERS

This Magazine is a sample
:: :: of our work :: ::

R. J. HAMILTON, B.A., *Manager*

CAMP KAGAWONG
TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON
AN IDEAL VACATION
For illustrated booklet apply
ERNEST A. CHAPMAN, St. Andrew's College



St. Andrew's College
Aurora, Ontario

CHAIRMAN:
His Grace, The Duke of Devonshire, K.G.

MEMBERS:
Col. Thomas Cantley, M.P., LL.D., New Glasgow, N.S.
Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., LL.D., Montreal, Que.
E. W. Beatty, Esq., LL.D., Montreal, Que.
Sir Robert Falconer, K.C.M.G., D.Litt., (Edin.) Toronto
The Hon. Sir Daniel H. McMillan, K.C.M.G., Winnipeg, Man.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Chairman
Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart.

Vice-Chairman
Frank A. Rolph, Esq.

C. S. Blackwell, Esq.
A. M. Campbell, Esq.
Graham Campbell, Esq.
Colonel Henry Cockshutt
Hon. the Rev. Canon Cody, D.D., LL.D.
R. Y. Eaton, Esq.
Dr. Duncan Graham
D. B. Hanna, Esq.

Harry B. Housser, Esq.
W. B. McPherson, Esq.
Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D.
Lt.-Col. J. F. Michie
Victor Ross, Esq.
T. A. Russell, Esq.
Graham A. Towers, Esq.
Professor George M. Wrong

Robert E. Grass, Esq.
Whiteford G. Bell, Esq.
} Representing the Old Boys' Association

The St. Andrew's College
Review

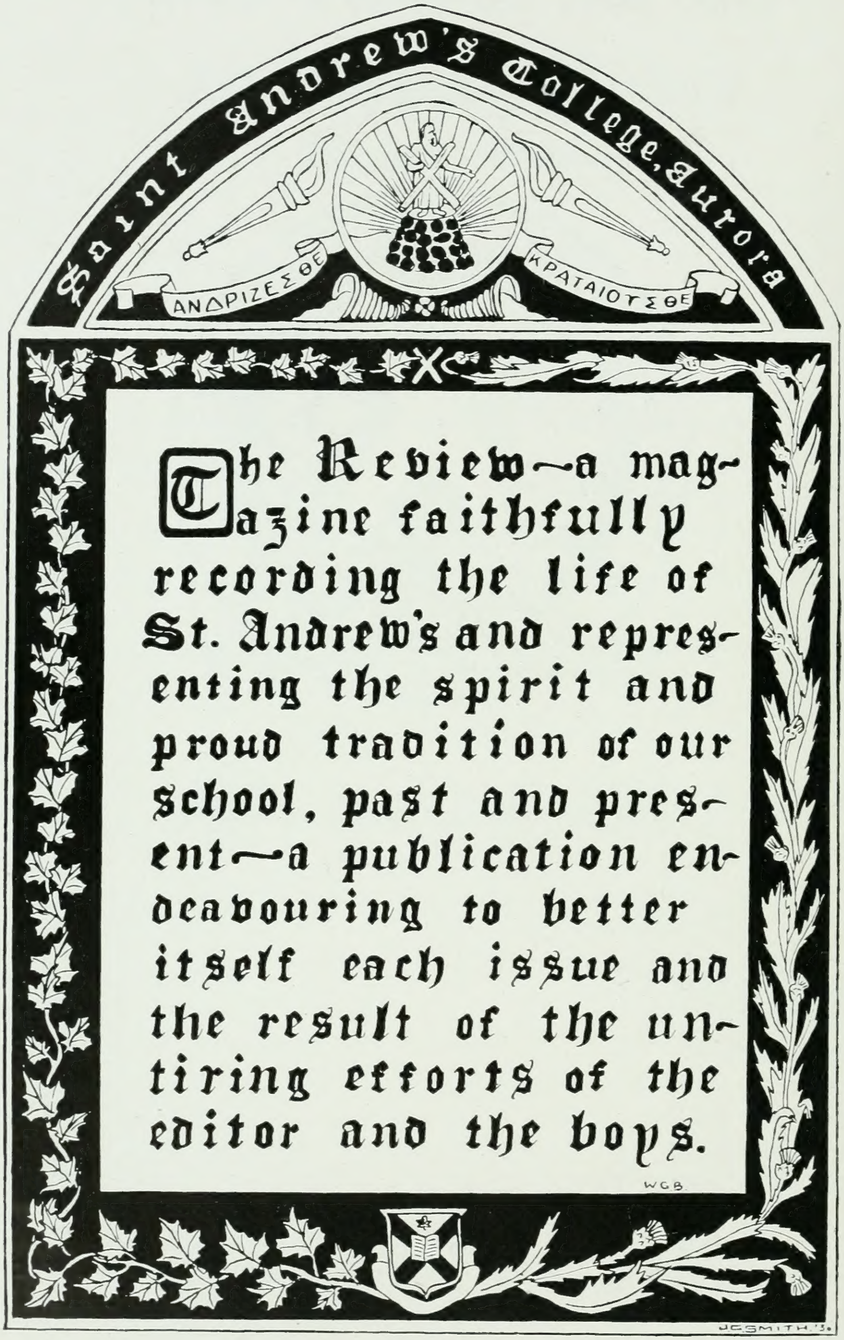
Mid-Summer 1932

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, MR. G. D. H. HATFIELD, M.A.

EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor-General	J. G. SMITH, I
Literary Editor	R. T. CATTLE
Sports Editor	J. A. DETWEILER
School News Editor	E. S. MACDONALD, I
Exchange Editor	T. E. HETHRINGTON
Humour Editor	H. M. THOMSON, I
Old Boys' News Editor	P. B. PARKER
Staff Artist	J. G. SMITH, I
Managing Editor	A. S. MONTGOMERY
Business Editors	R. E. WALLER, J. M. SHAPLEY
Circulation Manager	H. J. FINDLAY

Issued by the Editorial Board
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER


Saint Andrew's College, Aurora
ΑΝΔΡΙΖΕΣΘΕ
ΚΡΑΤΑΙΟΥΣΘΕ

The Review—a magazine faithfully recording the life of St. Andrew's and representing the spirit and proud tradition of our school, past and present—a publication endeavouring to better itself each issue and the result of the untiring efforts of the editor and the boys.

WGB

J.C.SMITH.'3.

CONTENTS

PAGE
Editorial 15

Short Stories

A Chinese Ghost Story 19
The *Titanic* 22
The Lodge in the Downs 30
A Hunting Trip 33
How Baseball Came to Ump 35

Articles

La Ville de Quebec 38
A Motor Trip Through Virginia 45
The Empire State Building 49
Flags 51
Spring 52
In the Wilds 53
Peace Hath Her Victories No Less Than War 57
The Canadian West and Its People 59
Professionalism in Sport 62
A Stroll in Spring 64
The Development of a Canadian Automobile Industry 66
Our Impression of a Final History Exam. 68
Captain Quigley—An Old Boy 69
Poem—The Summer Term 71

Science

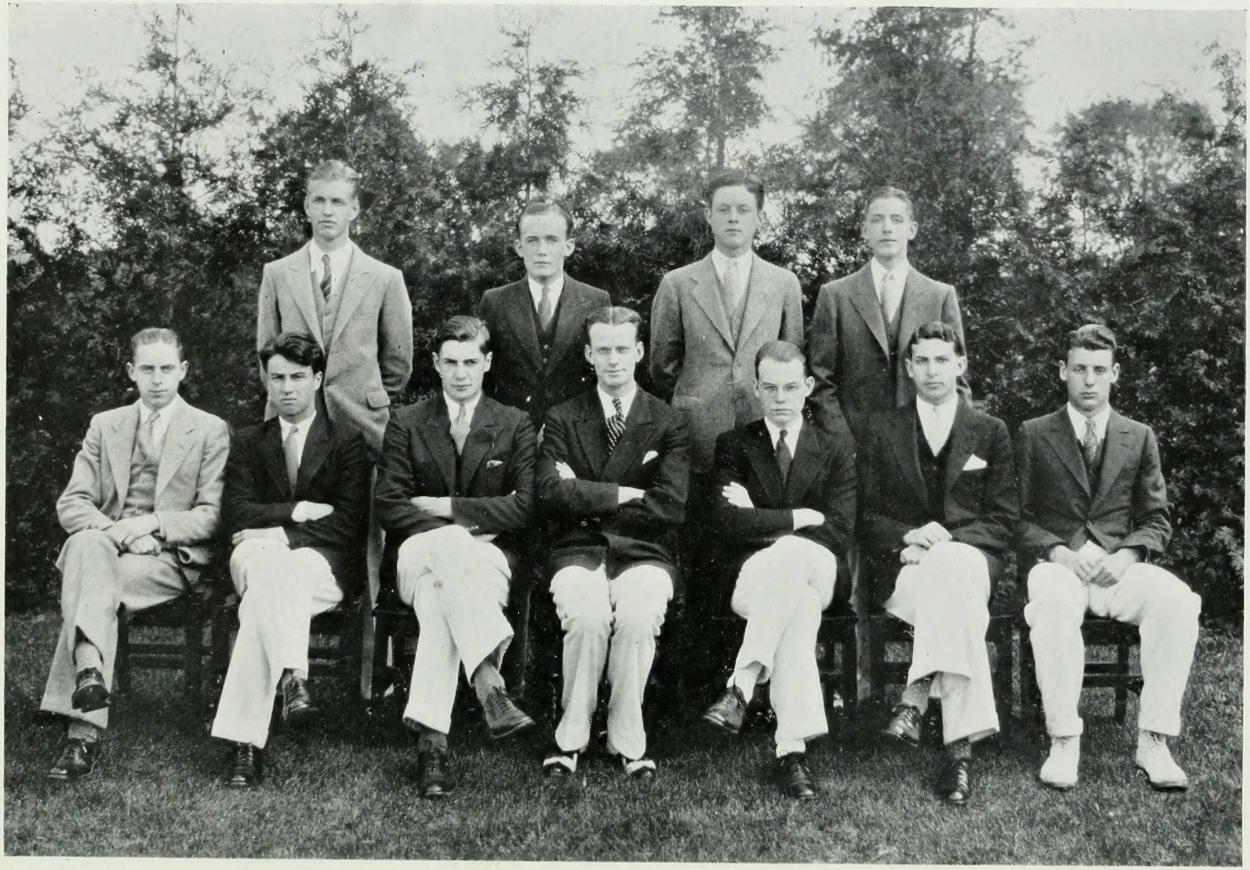
Television 72
The Canadian Government 73
A Part of the 1933 World Fair 74

School News

The Upper Sixth 76
The Head Prefect 81
Sports Day 83
Cadet Corps 87
The Gymnasium Team 89

Cricket

First Team 97
Second Team 104
Third Team 106
Lower School Team 107
Old Boys' News 110
Exchanges 114
". . . Laughter Learnt of Friends" 117
Mirthquakes 119
Names and Addresses of Boys' Attending St. Andrew's 123



The Review Staff, 1931-32

St. Andrew's College Review

Mid-Summer, 1932

EDITORIAL

TO Longfellow November days were "the saddest of the year;" but all over the continent many hearts are most melancholy during these very days that the REVIEW has been at press. It is the little week of glorious weather when the Spring is in full bud before her exotic blossom into summer, when the heart aches with longing to encompass and express the beauty of the season: it is the week before our sensibilities are crushed by the frenzy of writing matriculation examinations, or are cheered by the promise of what the summer holidays will bring; they still seem remote. It is the time when we realise that "the hour of parting is near;" and that for many it is not merely the summer recess after which the old bonds will be tied again; that now it is not the customary transience of *auf Wiedersehen* or *au revoir,* but the deadly permanence of *Lebt wohl* and *adieu,* our homely old English *goodbye,* an abbreviation for the heart-felt simplicity of "God be with you"—without the usually added "till we meet again."

Boys who have been our companions, friends who have been "closer than a brother," are going out of our cloister, where they have led the wrappered life, into "the wide, wide world" at a perilous age and time. What will become of them depends upon how much of the character for which this school stands they have absorbed.

Looking further afield, too, are masters who have formed such a part of our daily lives that, at the idea of their leaving, for a moment the clock seems stopped: life without them and their ways, to which by careful study we have become accustomed, seems impossible; the old school "will never be the same;" and so forth. But life *does* go on—one of its more annoying habits—and presently the old associations become mere memories, and finally we must struggle to recall their very names, for, to borrow from another, as we grow older, the lost living become notches in the log that we have been obliged to cast overboard to mark our progress. May these partings, depressing though they now seem, mean advancement for all concerned so that we will have occasion, as true friends, to rejoice in the loss.

Some, perhaps, have reason for remorse and realise now that had we "made a lot of pretty speeches," used a little more consideration, availed ourselves more of our opportunities, we would have been using the oil which makes the machinery of existence run a little less jarringly and smoothes the track we pass but once. If such there be, they may now find their consolation by joining the others in wishing a happy landing to these birds of passage, whom we have perhaps been guilty of treating as birds in hand, wherever the four winds may waft them in this dream between the two Eternities that is called Life.

* * * * *

Old boys who have attended St. Andrew's since 1907, when Mr. Magee (M.A., Dublin) first joined our teaching staff, will learn with as much regret as did the present school that he is retiring at the close of this year. His devotion to the boys, their interests, and their school has been very marked and he will be sorely missed; he forms a link not only with generations of schoolboys but with a generation of mankind that has gone into the world, carrying his noble precepts, high ideals, and fine scholarship to the benefit of humanity. He has been actively helpful in many extra curricula activities and will be particularly remembered by those now in attendance for his splendid work as Editor-in-Chief of this magazine until two years ago. A host of friends and Andreans, past and present, wish for him the full enjoyment of his well-earned rest. "Great geniuses have the shortest biographies," and with this too small tribute we must pass on to Captain Evans.

Captain Evans was with us in Rosedale in 1926 and when we moved to Aurora, he became housemaster of the famous but now defunct Third House, an office he capably filled to the entire satisfaction of all. Old Boys in Toronto speak more endearingly of their residence there, with the kindly hospitality of "the Cap" and his gracious lady to cheer them, than of any other phase in their school life. They will be long remembered for they have made many friends, and "a merrier man within the limits of becoming mirth I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Joining the departure from our standard, too, is Mr. O'Sullivan (M.A., Dublin) who has earnestly devoted five years of his life to the interests of the boys in the classroom, on the cricket field, and in the house. His enthusiasm and assistance in all other sports, and in coming upon occasion to the rescue of the *Review* are noteworthy. It will be difficult to find another who will take such conscientious pains to produce the admirable programmes that we have enjoyed in the Literary Society during the years that body was under his capable regime. Here, as in other fields, his work and himself will be keenly missed. We all trust that he will achieve his goal in the Old Country to which he is returning, for "gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche."

Mr. Hatfield (M.A., Toronto) also closes a tenure of half a decade, during which time he has followed with the deepest interest the fortunes of the boys who have been with him in the lower forms through to the Upper School and on into the world. His cheering smile and ready wit, his kindly sympathy and sound advice, his offers to help and his genius for hospitailty, coupled with sound educational theory and knowledge, readily won him friends throughout the campus and town. For the last two years he has been Editor-in-Chief of this magazine, and has introduced the system of competition and helped to make THE REVIEW a complete expression of the boys' activities in thought, word, and deed, creating a standard as high as any in our field. THE REVIEW staff in particular will regret his departure. "Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman—repose in energy."

In the brief two years he has been with us Dr. Paulin (D.D.) has won for himself an enviable reputation as the genial and just housemaster of Memorial House. His tolerance and comprehension of youth have contributed much to the happiness and welfare of those boys fortunate enough to have known him. Our great loss will be his congregation's gain, for he feels the call to return to his church and will not be in our classrooms next year. We are sure, however, that he will retain his interest in our fortunes, while we shall remember, through him, that "a Christian is the highest style of man."

Mr. Blomfield (B.A., London) once again leaves his old school. During his two years as a master here, he has made himself very popular with the resident staff and with the boys, and his interest in sports has been inspiring. He "plays in the many games of life that one where what he most doth value must be won." Mr. Crookshank (A.R.C.M.) will pursue the Muse of Music elsewhere; and although with us only two years, his fine renditions on our pipe-organ and his splendid work with the singers in the Lower School will not soon be forgotten. We are sorry to see him go, but "such sweet compulsion doth in music lie." Mr. Armstrong finds that his work at Osgoode demands his full time. The School will follow his career with interest, and wish for him the "good race" to finish his course, for "he was a man."

The usual phrase is *Ave atque Vale,* but this time the order is reversed: it is farewell to the above and hail to the new in the person of Mr. E. G. Gerridzen, Cd. L., who came to us this term, after a sojourn in Toronto, from Holland to assist in the matriculation French and German. An accomplished linguist, with a keen interest in his work, he bids fair to meet with success.

* * * * *

We welcome to our School several new Governors, and feel that their presence will add considerably to the character, strength, and efficiency of our Board.

* * * * *

We wish to congratulate heartily Cattle and Hethrington, two members of our staff who, in the first year of the competitive system, have amassed enough points, through their publications in this magazine, to win the coveted gold distinction letter, the Literary R. You will be relieved to learn that this does not necessarily mean that you will not be favoured with more of their material, but merely that they will no longer be competing against you. Decidedly, they are not, by virtue of their present success, barred from publishing further—that were in some cases to cut off the hand that feeds us!

* * * * *

We have been reading with very much pleasure the recent honours that have been paid to Captain John Slatter. Capt. Slatter has been looking after our bugle and drum bands for a great many years and it would certainly be a heavy task to find a better band master. He and Pipe Major Fraser have produced fine bands every year. Capt. Slatter has always been popular with the boys under his charge. We sincerely hope he continues for many years with his successes.

* * * * *

The Editor-in-Chief wishes to express his appreciation of the loyalty and co-operation of his staff who have made THE REVIEW and the new point system the success they have been this year.

* * * * *

"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ, moves on." There remains only to wish all our readers a successful holiday, and to those who will not pour over these pages again, a successful life. And now until next year THE REVIEW signs off and the voice of St. Andrew's is silent. Cheerio, Everybody, cheerio!

A Chinese Ghost Story

Of all the virtues perhaps none is so highly esteemed as filial piety in the Celestial Kingdom. This desire to honour one's parents accounts for the peculiar custom of presenting them with coffins. These are greatly cherished and are shown to visitors with great pride and are even used in the house as articles of furniture. Even after death the body is not immediately buried but the coffin, heavily lacquered and re-lacquered, is frequently kept in the house for months before the funeral takes place.

From this state of affairs arises a frightful superstition that if the sun rising from the east shines for thirty days in succession on the coffin, on the night of the thirtieth day the body will rise. This creature is then inhumanly human; it is covered all over with white hair; its finger nails are long; and are as cruelly sharp and strong as the talons of an eagle. Every night until dawn it roams abroad, coming upon some lonely wayfarer, drifting in through a window or gliding in through the thickest door where it tears open the breast of its hapless victim and devours its heart. The following is perhaps the most famous story of the Kiangsi—the Count Dracula of the East.

Mr. Flemming said the Greeks would travel miles to see a new theorem in Geometry proved. The Chinese also possess this love of learning and scholars would travel for days to reach an examination centre, there to try their examinations in the classics.

Centuries ago a party of such scholars was making its way to a great city from a far distant town. All day long the students threaded their way along narrow paths through the paddy fields, through some feathery grove of bamboos, or through tea plantations until finally at dusk they reached a tiny wayside inn. They asked a room of the proprietor. Both the rooms on the ground floor were full but he placed at their disposal a small upper room reached by an outside stair-case. After eating their evening meal, they retired that they might rise early on the morrow to resume their journey. Soon the murmurs died away in the inn below them, the lights were extinguished, and through all the earth sleep held every living creature.

How long he slept he knew not but at length one of the party—a light sleeper—awoke. Was it footsteps he heard on the staircase? He went to the door, he opened it ———. The sky was clear, a new moon shed a soft, calm light over the peaceful countryside and by its light the terror-stricken scholar saw, its pale body glimmering in the moonlight, a Kiangsi advancing slowly and relentlessly up the stairs, coming nearer, nearer, *nearer*—NEARER. With glazed eyes he looked spell-bound at the advancing monster; then with a despairing shriek he hurled the first thing that came to his hand at the living dead and dropped cowering in the door-way. His companions, awakened by his outcry, came crowding to the door just in time to see the horrible Kiangsi turn tail and flee. And then it was that the scholar saw what he had thrown: it was a sacred book written by the great sage, Confucius. No ghost dare confront that.

What dread fear clutched at the heart of the scholars when they saw the Kiangsi returning who can tell? Apparently unafraid of the first volume which had been hurled at it, the apparition again advanced steadily up the stairs, its cruel claws thirsting for blood, its pale green eyes filled with the lust for human flesh. Again the scholar shurled a sacred book, again the Kiangsi retreated. But this time its delay was shorter; it returned to the stairs sooner than before. Again a third book was hurled at the creature, again it gave way but only went to the foot of the stairs before recommencing its climb to reach those pale-faced scholars sick with dread. Who can tell of the long drawn hours of that awful night, of the grim vampire's alternate advancing and retreating, of the wan-faced scholars eyeing their steadily diminishing store of books which stood between them and a fearful death?

Now all their books but one were gone and dawn was yet far distant; if they could only keep the Kiangsi off until then! One sole book alone remained, the demon was coming steadily upwards, nearer and nearer,—but four more steps remained, should they throw the book?—three more steps were left, what should they do?—and now the Kiangsi was on the second last step, was about to take the last when one scholar ripped a single page from the book and crumpled it in his hand and threw it at the gruesome monster. It turned and fled!

One by one the pages went, even the covers were used until but one page remained. The night was waning but dawn was yet a long way off. The moon had set and now the stars alone looked down upon the grim drama; all around the actors the quiet country slept. One page, one solitary sheet of paper alone was left—the Kiangsi was again approaching! The same student tore from the page a single word, a Chinese Hieroglyphic, and tossed it at the creature. The Kiangsi again fled as before. One by one the tiny scraps of paper fluttered out on the cool night breezes, the page became smaller and smaller, the scholars more and more fearful, and the Kiangsi fiercer and fiercer.

The last word had been used, not the least bit of paper remained to shield them from the Kiangsi. Up the steps it came, every footfall echoing dully in its victims' minds; it had reached the last step, the foremost student stood on the brink of eternity face to face with Death, when clear upon the morning air the straining scholars heard the glorious music of a cock's crow. They were saved.

L. Mackay, Upper VI.

THE MAN IN THE STREET

The "Titanic"

On April the tenth, nineteen hundred and twelve, at about two in the afternoon, the White Star's S. S. *Titanic,* the largest and most magnificently appointed liner that the creative genius of man had ever devised, sailed majestically down the Solent from Southampton, bound for New York.

As she slid gently past the Isle of Wight, the flags of the trim little yachts anchored at Cowes, dipped in answering salute to the voice of her deep-throated siren, and gulls wheeled in lazy circles above her flag-bedecked mastheads casting bars of shadow on the green waters of the English Channel.

The names on her passenger list comprised some of the best known and most influential personages of the day,—well over two thousand in all, for was not this her maiden voyage, and was she not referred to as unsinkable by those who were in a position to judge?

As dusk fell like a blanket over the western sky, and the lights of Cherbourg peeped out one by one from the shadow, an efficient little tug delivered a parting blast which echoed hollowly across the harbour, and the Titanic weighed anchor to the harsh accompaniment of her steam winches, and in the half light set out in lonely pomp to discover for herself the secrets of the grey Atlantic.

Fishermen, returning wearily to port, clung to the rusted rails of their battered trawler as it rolled drunkenly in the wash of her towering shadowy hull, and stood gazing after her until she became a blur of light in the murky darkness.

"Cable, sir."

"Well?"

"From the *Carpathia,* sir: reports bergs moving down from Cape Race, large pack sir, approximate position .48 North .18 West."

"That all?"

"Yes, sir."

Captain Smith lifted steel grey eyes from the chart, and held out his hand for the message; upon receiving it, he nodded to the wireless officer and again resumed his study of the chart. With the gnarled forefinger of his right hand he traced the course of the *Titanic* from Southampton.

"Wednesday to Sunday," he mumbled, "average comes to twenty-one knots,—can't afford to cut it now that we've run the *Mauretania* so close,—record as good as ours already,—still—."

Sunday, April the fourteenth, found the *Titanic* ploughing steadily through a turquoise ocean heaving slowly, a mighty mass at rest, its shimmering expanse disturbed only by the frothy wake of the lines, stretching like a ribbon of white into the hazy blue of sky and sea.

Early in the afternoon the First Officer, descending from the bridge, accosted some passengers who had just come on deck from the dining saloon.

"Glorious weather," he remarked.

"Don't you find it frightfully cold?" queried one of the group.

"Always this way around these parts,—the ice you know."

"But I thought it didn't break up this early in the year."

"Well," the First Officer scratched his head, "it seems there's quite a pack a couple of hundred miles north of here, but I don't expect it'll get down this far; anyway the cold weather won't last long. New York's getting the hottest weather they've had this time of year for ages, and another two days ought to see us there if we don't run into fog,—Old Man's got her out to beat blazes. Well, I got to be running along; have to get some sleep in some time, you know."

As the afternoon drew on, a raw wind sprung up driving all but a few hardy souls indoors, the women to the lounges, the men to the bar, and the children to regions unknown. Those who remained on deck resorted to brisk exercise; with coat collars turned up, and steamer caps pulled down over their faces, they fought their way around the decks in stolid silence, relieved by occasional profane observations delivered between clenched teeth. A few exceptions were to be seen, and they consisted of old ladies, who doubtless after weighty consideration, had resolved that to sit and freeze was preferable to going to the physical exertion of extracting themselves from the avalanche of rugs proffered by well-meaning friends upon their own evacuation, resigning themselves to a Providence which might, in time, send along a steward to relieve their plight.

The sun, a great orange ball, dropped out of a crimson haze into a sullen grey ocean, its last rays throwing an angry glow over the liner and finding its reflection in innumerable pin points of fire as the light struck the panes of glass which enclosed the front of the promenade deck and threw long shadows behind her.

The strains of the *Merry Widow* waltz, intermingled with the clink of dishes and the hum of conversation, came faintly through a haze of cigarette smoke to the couple sitting in the rotunda outside the dining saloon.

"Coffee, madam?"

"Thank you."

"Coffee, sir?"

"Uh-huh."

The waiter drifted off.

"—So I'll go on to St. Louis and pick up the stuff there,' the man was saying, "and then we'll split it."

"Do be careful,"—the woman broke off—"did you hear that?"

"What?"

"That noise, sounded like the fog horn."

"I don't hear it."

"Wait—there it is again, listen."

He straightened his tie, "Yeah, that's it—fog's a blasted nuisance."

She laid a jewelled hand on his sleeve, "Let's go out and have a look."

"Shall I get your wrap?"

"No, we won't stay long."

As they opened the door onto the promenade, a cold, clammy chill surrounded them, the deck was soaking wet, and grey wisps of fog eddied around the lights which illuminated it at irregular intervals, until they became swallowed up in the white vapour.

"Well," said the man, and lit a cigarette.

"Isn't it beastly? You can't even see the water."

The fog was pierced by a long, low moan ending in a hiss of steam. The man dropped his cigarette and it rolled down the deck in a shower of sparks; the woman shivered.

"Sounds horrible, doesn't it?" She said. "Good thing there are no icebergs around."

"If there were," replied her escort, "blowing that miserable whistle wouldn't do any good."—She laughed nervously.

The man cleared his throat.

"I'm going to have a drink,—coming?"

Footsteps sounded on the deck behind them, and the figure of a man loomed out of the mist.

"Bad night," remarked the newcomer.

"It surely is." The girl's escort made a move toward the door.

"We can but put our faith in God,—He will protect us as He sees fit."

By the light from the open door they saw the Salvation Army badge on his hat.

Captain Smith stopped pacing back and forth on the bridge, and turned a harrowed visage to the officer of the watch.

"Did you have the soundings taken?"

"Yes, sir, ice in the vicinity, sir." The officer lowered his binoculars.

"No reports from the lookouts yet, I suppose?"

"If the fog would only clear, sir,"——

"Cling cling!"——

The officer grabbed a pair of ear phones and listened, the voice came through excitedly—"Iceberg twenty feet off port bow, closing in!"

"Good God!"

The commander threw one agonized glance into the fog, gulped, then leapt for the engine telegraph and dashed the handle over. Thirty seconds later, the mighty pistons were plunging frantically in reverse, while the four huge propellors churned the black waters into angry fury, failing, however, to check the momentum of the collosal mass of steel. the officer braced himself for the inevitable shock; the commander, his face an ashen grey, swayed to and fro, a prayer on his trembling lips, his blood-shot eyes glued to a white blotch drifting slowly past the port side.

"Two hearts."

"Pass"

"Double,—oh, did you feel that?"

"Why, no."

"It felt like,—well as though we'd hit something."

The fourth member put down her cards.

"There must be something the matter, we don't seem to be moving."

"I'm going over to the Purser's office; he'd know if anything was wrong."

In a few seconds she rejoined the party, "He isn't there; in fact there doesn't seem to be anyone around; I'm worried."

"Probably engine trouble, often happens to a new ship, you know—your bid, I think."

"—The submerged section ripped our plates below the waterline for about thirty yards," the captain was saying, "and flooded number one hold. The water-tight doors leading to the engine rooms, have been shut, and may be able to stand the pressure for two, or at the most three hours. We are sending out distress signals, but help may arrive too late. The Chief engineer informs me that the hydraulic pumps have been put into commission and we don't want to lower the boats until we have to, but when the time comes, panic must be avoided. I have confidence that every one of you will do his part in upholding the British tradition of seamanship—I think you understand.—That is all, gentlemen."

The muscles of his face twitched and tightened as he shook hands all around, but he showed no other sign of emotion.

The bar was crowded, at the far end three men were talking:

"—So the Scotchman takes one look at her," said the first, waving a much chewed cigar butt in front of his bulbous countenance, "and says, 'You can have it, you got here first!' " Amid the outburst of mirth which followed, the second member of the group ran his fingers through his ruffled hair, and gazing vaguely ahead of him with bleary eyes solemnly remarked to all and sundry: "If I tried to stand up now, I couldn't do it, and I'm not very drunk." He laid his glass down on the table, and a second later, with a surprisingly swift movement, swept it from the edge of the table and held it aloft in triumph. "See," he said," yuh pay two thousand dollars, and they won't even keep the old crate steady for yuh." He looked around for confirmation of his emphatic statement, and his eyes lit upon a figure standing at the entrance to the bar. "Comere." The First Officer came over to the table and sat down.

"What's wrong with this ship?"

The First Officer coughed, "Well, you see, we've run up on a berg, and it may be some hours before we can back her off."

"Oh," said the glazed one, apparently satisfied.

The officer left. As he passed the next table, a hand touched his coat, and a voice said:

"Pardon me, but are you the gentleman who said we had hit an iceberg?" He turned. "Why, yes," he said.

There were only two at the table, a young girl, and the grey-headed old man, who had just spoken.

"Sit down, won't you?" Resumed the old gentleman making a vague gesture with one hand. The girl seemed confused, "Yes, won't you?" she urged. He pulled a chair up facing the old man, who seemed to be gazing intently at a point over in the far end of the room.

"It's not serious?" He leaned forward expectantly.

The officer swallowed, the mental torture was intense, but he must keep back the truth, or he knew that nobody would be saved.

"I promise you," he weighed his words slowly, "that you will be put to no inconvenience."

"It's getting awfully late, father," said the girl. "Perhaps—"

The old man, who had been staring vacantly in front of him turned, "I was forgetting—It's all the same to me now."—

The First Officer suddenly felt very weak, his eyes met the girl's; there were tears in them.

"Good night, young man," said the old gentleman cheerfully, "you've taken a great weight off my mind."

"Tic tic tic—tac tac tac—tic tic tic—S. S. *Titanic*—crashed with iceberg,—sinking fast. Lat.41.40 North—Long.50.14 West—tic tic tic—"

"Any replies?"

"No, sir—that is—wait, sir."

The wireless officer scribbled frantically—,

"S. S. *Carpathia,* 17 hours from New York: 'Fog prevents our reaching you quickly; hold on till we arrive, Wilson.' "

The captain shrugged. "In three-quarters of an hour God will take over," he said.

"But I don't want to go up on deck I tell you!"

"Madam," the steward was insistent, "I am very sorry, but them's the captain's orders."

"What's that to me?"—she began. Just then the ship gave a violent lurch, and every light on board went out.

Amid the pandemonium which ensued, the voice of the steward came out of the blackness: "May I help you with your life-jacket, and your coat madam?" He lit a match and lifted her coat from the overturned trunk. She stood in the centre of the floor, one hand grasping the bed, which was nailed down, seemingly too dazed and frightened to protest as he fastened the life jacket over her shoulders and about her waist.

A hiss of escaping steam and the tramping of many feet overhead, served to remind her of the situation, and brushing past the steward, she made her way along the narrow passage, feeling for the slanting walls as she went. Turning into the main hallway, she tripped over what had once been a potted palm, and lurched forward into the darkness, her head coming in violent contact with the marble stairway.

"All men stand back and all women retire to the deck below." The captain's words were drowned in a blast of steam from the boilers, which hissed up through the ventilators on the forward deck. He turned to an officer. "Are those arc lights ready?"

"Yes, sir—but all the rockets have gone."—

He pressed a switch.

A scene of utter chaos was revealed in the blinding glare of the searchlights. The fog had cleared a little, and the *Titanic,* her bows already awash, drifted slowly backward in the oily sea.

It was painfully evident to her commander as he stood in the shadow of the bridge that the number of boats swinging out from the davits would not be nearly sufficient to accommodate the terrified mass of humanity struggling toward them.

The speaking tube buzzed:

"I canna hold the men much longer, sir," the voice of the chief engineer trembled, "we're up to our waists in water, sir, and 'twill be only a few minutes now, sir."

The captain glanced at the crowd, now herded into some semblance of order; his eyes roved over the tragic scene as the last boat left the ship's side; in that brief instant he realized along with over sixteen hundred others that he was standing face to face with his Maker.

"Well?"

The voice on the end of the wire was strained almost to the breaking point.

"Let them come up," said the captain dully, "death draws no distinctions."

The crowd on the promenade deck were silent except for the quiet sobbing of the women. Suddenly from the boat deck above, came the strains of *Alexander's Ragtime Band.* One of them started to beat time with numb feet on the slanting deck.

"Don't!"

"Don't bang your feet!"

"Uh?"

The man's voice rose in a scream.

"I don't want to die like a rat I tell you—let me go!—OH GOD, LET ME GO!!"

He rushed to the rail and jumped—they heard the splash.

A figure stepped forward in front of the huddled crowd: "——and Jesus said unto him, 'Verily I say unto thee, this day thou shalt be with me in paradise.' " He closed the book, and looking up they saw the Salvation Army badge on his cap.

"Listen!"

The speaker held up his bottle for silence. The white candles placed in empty bottles about the bar, flickered on faces white and tense through the grime that smeared them.

One of the men buried his face in his hands, another held a torn photograph. A table tipped over and floated off in the icy water which swirled about the bar.

"Listen!"

The first speaker's eyes were wet.

Above the swish of the water came the sound of a hymn, an old hymn long hidden in the chamber of memories.

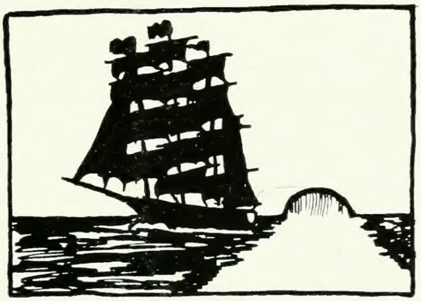
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;—"

The crew were singing now, softly, at first, and then swelling in volume;

"——Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God to Thee.
Nearer to Thee."

In that moment hands and lips met, and the mighty *Titanic* plunged forever into the heaving Atlantic, carrying nearly sixteen hundred persons to a watery grave, and closing the most tragic and perhaps the most heroic event in the history of the sea.

T. E. Hethrington, Form IV.



The Lodge in the Downs

"Not guilty, your honour!"

Scores of throats gasp their dismay; benches creaked as the onlookers leaned back, tired from the long suspense; faces twitched, murmurings like the wind were heard in the gallery, then a high-pitched hysterical laugh broke through the courtroom atmosphere.

For this was the trial of the modern Raffles, known and feared by the name of Dick Zyber.

He and his accomplices had at length been caught after being under the suspicion of the chief at Scotland Yard for several months.

Besides housebreaking and bank robberies, this notorious band of law offenders carried on, unsuspected by the law, an extensive illicit liquor trade, having their warehouses secretly situated at Preston on the northwest coast of England, and using the town of Blackpool as the receiving post.

For this particular offence previously mentioned, Scarface Miller, Zyber's right-hand man, who had a long criminal record in the annals of the police, had been caught making his way from a burgled house. Rumours had been passed that old Judge Roberts had been given a bribe for Scarface's freedom.

Now, just outside of Preston, in a centuries-old, stone house, dwelt Bob Manning, a young graduate from Oxford, who, with his widowed mother and old uncle, led a quiet and dreary life.

His uncle, an old professor who spent his time collecting and bottling insects, had lived with him since the death of Bob's father. The two had become attached, partly owing to their mutual interest in nature and partly to there being no boys of Bob's age around for miles.

The nearest house to Westmeath, as Manning's house was called, Reming Lodge, was a dark, dreary place, inhabited by an old man.

Bob had noticed several large, black vans making their way along the road across the downs towards Reming Lodge. Prompted by curiosity, he ran in the direction of the slow-moving vans.

After about fifteen minutes of running, he saw from the crest of a steep hill the vans pull up outside the tall, stone gates of the mystery-enshrouded house, then turn and one by one back slowly up the unkept path to the rear of the house; they then disappeared behind a large tree of huge foliage which obscured his view.

Meanwhile, let us drop into the dismal grounds and watch closer the doings of the noiseless trucks and their drivers.

Our eyes first light upon a tall, newly-built shed, enclosed and hidden almost from sight of the casual passerby owing to the greatness of the vegetation which surrounded it on all sides. Into here the trucks are driven, to be unloaded of whatever their contents may consist.

Bob retraced his steps after completing his survey. As he entered his home, an air of disturbance greeted him. There was no cheery cry from his mother, nor the grunt to which he was accustomed from his uncle.

Bob strode quickly into the sitting-room. Here he found his mother speaking on the telephone.

"Why, yes, not over an hour or so ago. . . ."

"No, he left to go out butterfly catching and said he would be in by three, and it is now eight o'clock and we haven't heard from him since. . . . . Please do your best, captain, won't you? . . . . Thank you. Good-bye."

After replacing the receiver on its hook, she turned around and said in quieter tones to Bob:

"Dear, what can we do? Uncle has disappeared."

"What, Unky? Where could he be unless only one place where he has been lately and will not discuss, that is Reming Lodge."

On saying this, he ran from the house, jumped on his bicycle and pedalled frantically down the road to the Lodge.

Ten minutes later he was looking in a broken window, protected by a hastily nailed sack, which was torn in the corner. Here, seated at a table, are four men, one of whom is the caretaker and another his uncle!

His uncle is tied to the chair by large knotted ropes.

While taking in this, Bob's vision was blackened as a dull thud on his head knocks him into unconsciousness.

Bob awoke to find himself alone in a dark room, feebly lighted by the sickly rays of a candle balanced precariously on the rickety table which provided the only furniture in his cell.

On scrambling to his feet, his eye rested on a dust-laden piece of glass in the corner, but he then took no more notice of it.

He explored the room, but only found one possible means of escape, which lay through a thin, loosely-fitted panel. Bob thought of a plan which might easily bear fruit.

He wedged the glass into a crack in the panel, then broke the leg off the rickety table, and, tying a handkerchief around the thickest end to deaden any sound, set to work to hammer the glass right through.

His plan succeeded. He broke through the shattered panel and fled headlong down the hall and out an open door into the courtyard. Here, to his amazement, were large kegs being piled onto an elevator.

He climbed the ivy-covered wall without being observed as he was concealed by a bend in the wall.

Away he went like a flash down the road to where help lay.

The sheriff and his men were hunting among some high-piled brush by a river when young Manning broke into view.

At the few words he gasped out, they seized what arms they had and followed him from whence he came.

They soon reached Reming Lodge and battered in the front gate to surprise a mob of men at work unloading the last van.

None were able to flee and after a short conflict all were taken into custody by the sheriff and his men.

Bob was not long in finding his uncle and releasing him.

They were driven home by a member of the party and were greeted with joyful cries by Mrs. Manning.

I will mention that the gang turned out to be none other than the famous Dick Zyber's band, for whose capture was offered a reward of one thousand pounds, which went to Bob Manning. The two gangsters were now proved to have lengthy criminal records sufficient to land them in Dartmoor till the end of their lives; and the smuggling of fine French wines was stamped out in the British Isles.

A. S. THOMPSON III, Form III.

STRAITH COMES DOWN TO EARTH

A Hunting Trip

"An eagle soaring high over lofty Formosan peaks, on a smiling summer's day a few years ago, might have noticed in a valley far below him three motionless dots. 'Motionless dot' number two was myself, and I was thrilling to my first wild-boar hunt.

"For years I had been urging my father to take me with him on a hunting trip, and at last he had given his consent and had taken me. We left our little village of Pa-la-kat early one morning—my father, my elder brother and myself with six of our best hounds. In those days thick elephant grass grew rank all over these mountains right down to the sea and so we did not have to travel far for game. After a steady tramp all day we reached, near sundown, my uncle's home far back among those mountains over there."

Tsai-a, the dark, wiry little Formosan boar hunter, paused to sip a cup of tea. He was telling me the story of his first wild-boar hunt. I sat on the long bench placed outside his house, fingering with interest his collection of boar tusks, jaws, and his heavy hunting spears.

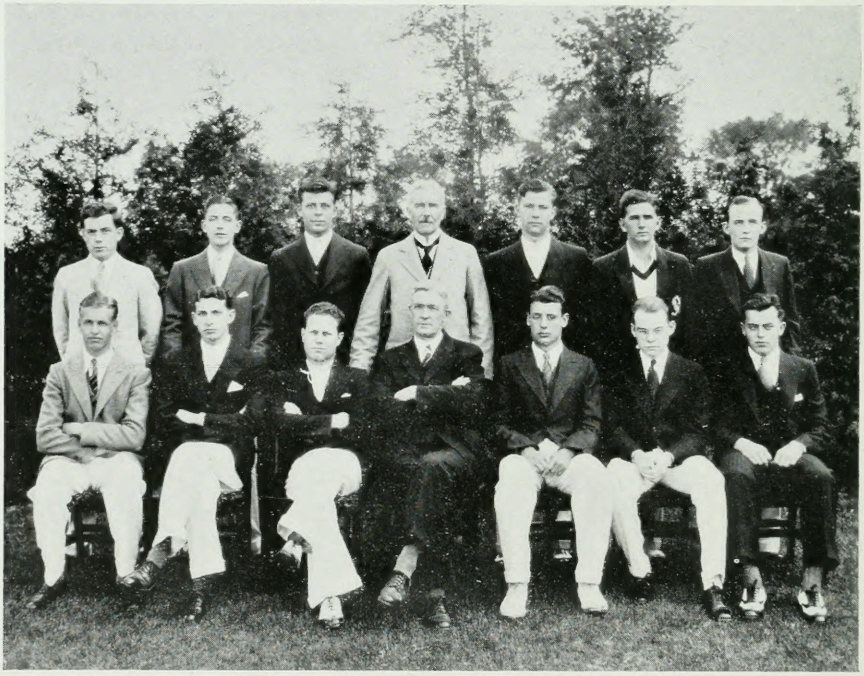
"My uncle was a great hunter and loved nothing better than to shoot at boar, but he and his son agreed to look after the dogs. In the daytime the dogs are taken to the head of a valley while the hunters lie in ambush far below. The hounds then work down the valley and rouse any boars which may be sleeping there. The boars run down past the hunters. Hunting at night is terribly dangerous. No boar will run at night, but stands at bay surrounded by the yelping pack. It is then you use your spear." He touched his favourite spear with a smile.

"The morrow was a perfect day for the hunt, the sun was shining full and warm, but the mountain air was cool. As we lay in wait I could hardly contain myself; every instant I fancied I heard something crashing through the tangled grass and brush. The breeze was blowing down the valley—there was no danger of the boars catching wind of us. I looked at my rifle—I wondered whether it would shoot straight or not! My father and brother were both deadly shots: they could extinguish a stick of lighted incense at two hundred paces at *night*. No wonder they seemed cool!

"And then I heard a faint bark—then another—a faint call (my uncle urging on the dogs)—a few more barks, a far canine chorus which rose and died away, then grew nearer, clearer, and louder. I listened to an invisible skylark far overhead and completely forgot the hunt in wondering whether my rabbit snare had caught anything yet! A nearing rush of grass, a rustling, recalled me. I wanted to yell—I saw the grass waving, I heard the dogs yelping in eagerness—a black oblong burst from the brush and swept across the open space before us. I aimed; I fired; two shots rang out beside me—the boar kept right on and vanished into the brush! And then the dogs came into sight with *my* dogs, Lo-bway-a and Sam-sai, leading the pack, their tongues and noses dripping blood where the cruel razor-edged grass had cut them. They were my last hope—since we had missed . . . .

"'Behind the ear,' I heard my father say. 'I hit him there, too,' said my brother—when down the valley arose the most pleasing sound a hunter can hear: the baying of hounds around their conquered prize. And when we reached the dogs, I saw the huge bulk of a dead boar in their midst. I examined it. Behind the ear were two perfect shots not a finger's breadth apart. That broken tusk about which you were asking was where *I* hit my first wild boar!"

L. Mackay, Upper VI.



The Athletic Association

How Baseball Came to Ump

On the green banks of his terraced garden, outside his palace overlooking the fair expanse of the royal gardens, King Melodazzer of Ump stood leaning on the low railing of the verandah, his chin in his hand and a frown on his noble face. The day was fine, and a light breeze wafted up to him the scent of many flowers, but for all the pleasure it seemed to give him, it might have been the aroma of fertilizer.

The fact is that King was bored. The Royal Clerk of the King's Pleasures had failed miserably of late.

"For in good sooth," writes an historian of the time, on a couple of paving-stones and a half-brick, which are now in our possession, "it did appear as though our most holy country was on the rocks."

This quaint old phrase is almost intranslatable, but one can see what he means.

As the King stood languidly surveying the gardens, his attention was attracted by a small, bearded man, with bushy eyebrows, who, apparently unconscious of the royal scrutiny, tossed a stone from the pathway up in the air, and took a pass at it with his hoe as it fell. For some minutes he eyed this man as he repeated the action; he called over the Grand Vizier.

"Who," he inquired, "is that?"

"He is one of your supreme majesty's gardeners, who was captured off the coast of Nooyork by one of your invincible admirals."

Again the hoe swung back, and the smitten stone dropped near the king.

"Ye Gad! By the seven-faced God of Gosh and by the altar of the High God of Belus, this methinks looks interesting."

Calling Gammon, his little page, to come, he strolled down the steps toward the garden. At this the Grand Vizier cried: "Back, Gammon! Back!" and striding forward *he* went with the king.

"Hi!" called the Vizier.

The man looked up.

"You mustn't do that; you nearly hit His Serene Graciousness, the King."

"Oh, yeah?" answered the bearded one derisively, and picked up another stone and swung his hoe mystically over his shoulder again.

Into the king's careworn face crept a look of excitement.

"What god does he worship by these strange rites?" asked the king.

"Your admiral refers to it as basbal, O King."

"Basbal? Basbal?" King Melodazzer ran over in his mind the names of all the forty-three gods of Ump, but Basbal was not of their number. "It is a very strange custom indeed; by the beautiful goddess of Bathus, but Ump could well do with that, it has a zip to it," he murmured. "I will talk to this fellow and learn more of these holy ceremonies."

The king stood beside the foreigner watching him closely.

"It doesn't look difficult," he muttered.

"Oh?" said the gardener.

"I believe I could do it," went on the king excitedly.

"Yeah?" replied the foreigner.

"By the holy fire that burns on the altar of Belus, I'm sure I could. By Gosh, I'm going to. Gimme that hoe!" Raising the hoe back over his shoulder, he fanned the air, as the American threw him a stone.

"You poor fish," he cried, "what kind of a swing is that?" A sudden humility descended on the king.

"O thou, of a righteous country," he said humbly, "teach me the true way."

"Use a good firm grip on the bat and don't crouch so much or keep your feet so far apart."

"Oh, Ah," said the king.

The first baseball lesson ever seen in Ump had begun.

* * * *

Anyone travelling past the municipal park in his chariot would see men in strange robes, moving about throwing round objects to each other. It was the workout of the Queen's Own Red Socks baseball team practising for the final game of the Oobarutch memorial cup, presented to the winning team by the High Priest of Ump in person.

The local stadium had risen since the first baseball lesson. The teams had reached the finals in their league, and to-morrow the Queen's Own Red Socks *vs.* the Ump Athletics were playing the last game of the season.

The foreigner, who months before was a gardener, had long ago been promoted to "Coaching Official of all the District and of the King's Amusement," which for convenience had been shortened to the "Coach."

A bright afternoon welcomed the countless thousands who ascended into the seats of the ball stadium that day to see the final game of the league.

The King and Queen of Ump sat wreathed in smiles in the royal box seats, watching the game; they had odds of eight padoodles to one against the Red Socks, who were ahead by two runs at the end of the seventh.

Slabfoot Booth was up at bat, after two men had just been fanned by the Athletic's indefatigable pitcher, Marcus Monatus, the slim star pitcher of the year, whose average was .001.

The queen remarked in ecstasy: "That big stiff Monatus ought to be taken for a ride by one of our charioteers."

"Yeah! By Babe the son of Ruth, if Slabfoot Booth hasn't smacked a homer and hit the;sign of Cornelius the Credit Clothier for a new suit of clothes. By Gosh!"

And so all went successfully on, the Queen's Own Red Socks winning by four to two, when Lanky Lucius walloped a three-bagger, bringing in another of their men to augment the score.

And thus baseball came to Ump, and with it prosperity never before known in the history of the land. Everybody was happy. There was no more unemployment. Crime ceased. Stocks went up.

The chronicler repeatedly refers to it on his pavement as the Golden Age.

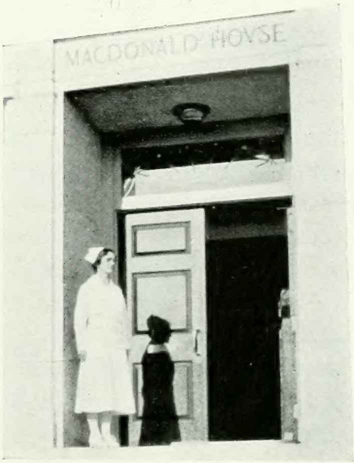
The Queen was elected captain of the Umptonian softball team, which won all its games. As for the King, he became a member of the Red Socks, and used to carry the bats out to the players.

But hark! The King's minstrel is breaking into rhythm:

"Oh strum the string,
And let us sing
To the glory of our king,
It's a joy to see him swing."

"Our praises let us utter
To the country and its owner.
It fairly makes you stutter
To watch him sock a HOMER ! ! ! !"

I. B. Macdonald, Form IV.



GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

"La Ville de Quebec"

On a misty September morning in the year 1759, the Marquis de Montcalm was rudely awakened by an excited officer who informed His Excellency that the cursed English had, at last, scaled the rocky heights, and were at present forming up on the plains outside the town.

Three-quarters of an hour later Montcalm, hoping to defeat the English before they had completed preparations for battle, led the French garrison, supported by civilians and Indians, out from the walls of Quebec in a valiant attempt to save the heart of New France.

The English troops waited until the French were almost upon them before opening fire; then they poured a solid volley of shot into the straggling ranks of the defenders.

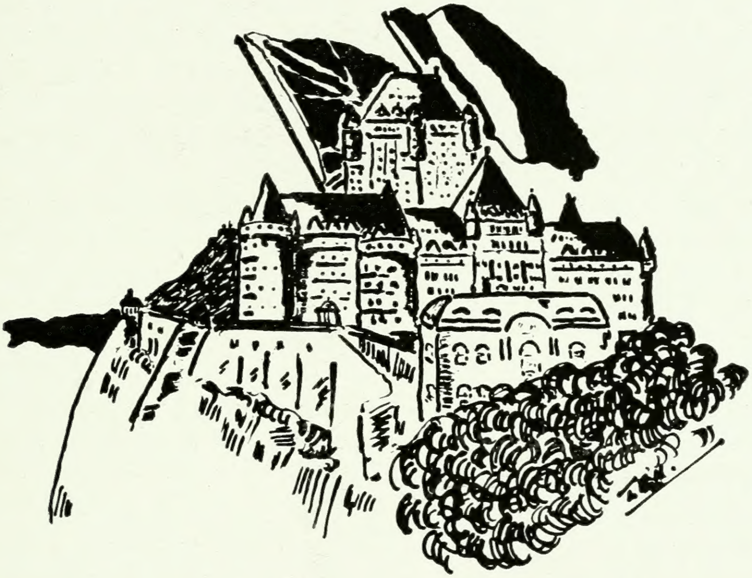
The Indians fled at once, and the French were forced to retreat into the town with the English in hot pursuit.

Neither Wolfe nor Montcalm saw the British Jack replace the Lilies of France above the citadel. One died at the moment of glorious victory, the other in defeat hardly less glorious. And so His Majesty King George III added Canada to his dominions, and Quebec passed into the hands of the British. So much History tells us concerning the most decisive battle in the annals of Canada.

The Union Jack still floats above Quebec, but passing ages have been unable to conquer the spirit of Montcalm's countrymen, and to-day, although the governor does not hold his commission from the ruler of France, Quebec is a French city still.

Many are the adjectives which have been applied to Quebec. It has been called the quaintest, most picturesque, and most historical city in North America. It is undoubtedly all of these, and more, for Quebec has an air of aloof loneliness. The old stone houses and narrow lanes of Lower Town, the little grey shuttered shops behind whose dusty windows statuettes of the Virgin Mary smile placidly out at the years, the Jesuit chapels with their musty odors, their waxen tapers and gilt crucifixes, the ancient cannon which still frown indignantly from the blackened stone of the Battery—all these belong to another age and another continent. They are an echo of mediaeval Europe, a Europe of bishops and cardinals, of lace and powdered wigs, of red wine and silver candlesticks. But deeper still there is a ruggedness about Quebec. Its very situation on the lofty heights of Cape Diamond at a bend in the mighty St. Lawrence, surrounded by the purple Laurentians, creates an impression of unyielding solidity. Man has nobly responded to the unspoken challenge of Nature, and on this majestic cliff has erected a striking memorial to his occupation of the Western hemisphere.

The people, ninety per cent of whom are French-Canadian, are in direct contrast to the city itself. As in Montreal, they all seem to be in a state of continual hurry. A vacant taxi with the "For hire" sign up, will come roaring out of a little lane, round the corner on two wheels, and careen madly down a steep hill, shaking itself to pieces on the worn cobblestones. A prospective fare would be taking his life in his hands by hailing a Quebec taxi. The taxi-driver, however, is not alone in his passion for speed; French-Canadians have been known to wait purposely until five minutes before sailing time just to give themselves the satisfaction of driving at a breakneck rate down to the docks. Perhaps it is this same dash in the excitable nature of the Frenchman which prompted him to force his way past the barriers and hardships that confronted him on every side, and to found a colony which has proudly defied the ravages of both Man and Nature.



When Cartier first looked upon Stadacona, it was from the St. Lawrence. A proportionate idea of the city cannot be formed until it has been seen from the river. If you were to sail past the wooded shores of the Island of Orleans just as dawn was breaking in the east, you would see first the tower of the great Chateau Frontenac standing in bronze relief against the eerie turquoise light that heralds the coming of day. Then as the tiny white farms which dot the end of the island faded into nothingness, you would come upon the city below wrapped in enchanted slumber, a shadowy paradise of unreality.

An hour later the sun is up and Quebec has awakened. Already little carts from the surrounding villages are jogging over the cobbles laden with all manner of fruits and vegetables. In the old market square in front of Notre Dame des Victoires, and a stone's throw from the eddying river, little old women with crabapple faces are laying out their wares. From behind a small shed comes a puff of steam followed instantaneously by two short sharp blasts. A minute later two answering blasts are heard from Levis across the river.

One of the old women looks up from her cabbages just in time to see the shed sliding away from an important looking little funnel from which great clouds of black smoke are issuing. The *Lauzon* and the *Levis,* those tireless ferry-boats have started the day officially, but there is no rejoicing; the little old women have taken up their positions on upturned fruit boxes, and sit blinking at the sun.

A donkey neighs, a cartwheel groans, churchbells are chiming in the still air, and day has come to Quebec.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the traffic on Mountain Hill, that steepest of all Quebec's thoroughfares, is very sparse. Indeed at any hour the sensation of being hurled forward and upward at an angle of thirty-five degrees is not one to be relished, even from a physical standpoint. When the mental uncertainty which inevitably attends those who venture forth in Quebec taxis is added to the above, the combination tends to render the ascent far from pleasant.

Across from the little oasis of trees at the top of Mountain Hill stands the post office, a subsantial grey reminder that England still has her thumb on Quebec, and as you are about to turn left up to the Chateau Frontenac, you notice a gold plate over the massive door. On it is engraved the figure of a dog gnawing a bone, and underneath in old French characters, this inscription:

"I am a dog who gnaws a bone,
And as I gnaw it I take my ease.
There is a time which is not yet come
When I shall bite him who bites me."

The *Chien D'or* has an interesting history. On the ground now occupied by the post office once stood the shop of a Quebec merchant who had been considerably annoyed by the intendant who had disputed his rights. Over his door he nailed this plate in token of his annoyance, with the result that he was murdered shortly afterwards.

His son, however, true to the spirit of revenge embodied in the inscription, killed the intendant some years later. In a wider sense this cynical verse has come to signify the traditional enmity between the French and English—but the Golden Dog looks very contented.

Breakfast at the Chateau is a spasmodic affair. Guests lie in bed listening to the faint murmur of commerce which reaches them faintly from below. If the management didn't hire chambermaids to fight outside one's door, there would be very little business in the dining-rooms. At about ten-thirty the elevators discharge scores of yawning tourists who immediately rush headlong for the grill room, only to encounter two, tightly-shut, glass doors, and a neat little sign which reads; "Luncheon, twelve-thirty to two." On receiving this curt information the crowd disperses. Some secure the nearest chair and breakfast dejectedly off cigars and the morning paper. Still others who, the night before, had entertained the thought of "doing" St. Anne de Beaupré, sit about wondering if they have time to see Montmorency Falls before their train leaves. The bolder element decide to fight it out with the manager who smilingly directs them to the main dining-room on the mezzanine floor, at the door of which, a gaunt head waiter descends upon them, brandishing an enormous menu card in one hand, and waving the other vaguely about the room from all corners of which bleak looking waiters are springing in answer to his mysterious summons. From somewhere in the centre of this animated mass, a pompous little individual has forced his way, and is purring seductively something about "a nize table by de window." The ghastly figure who up to now has been acting as master of ceremonies, senses the overpowering competition, and with a beautiful gesture of resignation involving the use of every limb in his emaciated frame, withdraws to a discreet distance.

Presently the unfortunates find themselves stranded in remote sections of the dining-room, and presided over by a delegation of section captains, assistant captains, waiters, assistant waiters, scrub boys complete with water pitchers, butter dishes, and table napkins.

If you were to look in an hour later, the only difference you would note is that the waiters have gone off to get the orange juice.

This is identically what happens every morning during the summer months except Sunday, when those who are not out golfing or attending church decide that rather than trust their legs to the floor, they will reach for the telephone and order up some hot tea.

Midday on the summit of the green slope leading up to the citadel: hundreds of feet below, a motorboat is chugging down stream against the incoming tide leaving a long snaky trail of light green in its wake.

Northward lies the great pile of the Chateau and in front of it, that wide expanse of boards running out to the steep cliff, which is Dufferin Terrace, one of the most famous promenades in North America. Beyond are the blue Laurentians basking in the noon heat; in the near distance, the end of the Island of Orleans and the ship yards of Point Levis. A little breeze ripples the tufts of long grass and the deep blue cornflowers which grow between the stone chinks. On the opposite side of a grassy moat stands a stone turret, part of the original fortifications, and over two hundred years old, over the top of which peeps the muzzle of a cannon, and suddenly, even as you watch, there comes a booming roar that echoes in among the old stone walls. The blue smoke from the time gun floats out over the sunlit river. Twelve o'clock, and all is well with Quebec.

One o'clock is a hectic hour in the restaurants of Quebec. Each one attempts to outdo its neighbour in providing a sumptuous repast for the flies and bluebottles who patronize them. Across from the City Hall on Fabrique street, there is a café where you may go up to the window and select a lobster from the choice specimens crawling around, and apparently enjoying life even to the point of playfully clawing their defunct brethren, whose scarlet shells form a pretty colour contrast.

Many are the black-robed Fathers to be seen dining on lobster, an excellent dish at all times, and, if the day be Friday, a most satisfying substitute for the beasts of the field; and many, too, are the citizens who augment this stable diet by malt and hops. The Quebec breweries are not altogether dependent on the tourist trade, for when the early afternoon sun beats down upon the stone pavements, Quebec becomes a thirsty city.

St. Louis street has its beginning at the square in front of the Chateau. It is little more than wide enough to contain the street car track which runs up its centre. About half a block along it, on the south side between two sombre buildings, there is an old granite residence set a little way back from the street in a dilapidated garden. Queen Victoria's uncle, the Duke of Kent, was once the owner.

Almost opposite this ruin, on a street corner stands a little house of cracked, yellow plaster; its pointed tin roof sags pitifully in the middle, and the few steps leading down to its old doorway are all but worn away, yet it was the headquarters of Quebec's last French defender, the Marquis de Montcalm, whose heart lies in the chapel of the Ursuline convent on the side street only a few steps from his house.

Soon after passing Montcalm's house, little St. Louis street widens out and becomes Grand Allée. In the 'Eighties, Grand Allée was the most fashionable thoroughfare in the city, and even to-day radiates some of the reflected grandeur of past years when Quebec was the capital of Canada. Passing beneath St. Louis gate, that picturesque Norman arch with its graceful tower rising above the leafy maples that line the roadway, you are outside the city proper, for St. Louis gate marks the spot originally occupied by one of the entrances to the only walled city in America. On the right are the Parliament buildings, their gardens a blaze of brilliant colour, and on the left a trifle further along stand the old drill hall and the monument commemorating the exploits of both Wolfe and Montcalm.

The historic plains of Abraham have been known for many years as Battlefield Park. In the summer afternoons the site of this memorable encounter, is the scene of many a game of baseball, for which the French have a passion, children play on the old cannon, and huge families *en fête* munch industriously on ham sandwiches.

From the lookout above the river you cannot fail to notice the gigantic cranes and grain elevators of the new C.P.R. docks, and if you gaze up the river past Wolfe's Cove, and the point upon which Spencerwood, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, is built, you can make out the far end of the Quebec bridge, the largest single span bridge in the world, its delicate tracery silhouetted against the late afternoon sun, which bathes the St. Lawrence in golden sheen and throws a fiery reflection on the windows of the Sacred Heart convent across the river at Levis.

There is a beautiful view from the St. Foy road, over the twinkling lights of St, Roche, across the fertile valley of the St. Charles river, and up to the purple hills beyond. The city pauses to rest after the heat of the day, and a peaceful hush pervades the cool air; even the birds are quiet.

From a white bench in the fragrant garden beside the road, you watch the sun set behind the Laurentians, a sight that has no parallel the world over. The orange ball sinks like a dying warrior into the deep purple of the mountains, and the rose flush of evening spreads over the silent vault of heaven, tinting the fleecy wisps of cloud with bars of gold, crimson, and mauve. A bell is ringing softly from a monastery nearby, and through the rustling poplars you see the figure of a brown-cowled monk, his shaven head bowed in prayer. Still the Angelus rings, perhaps you are surprised to discover that your head also is bowed reverently as the Master of all painters dips His brush into the evening sky, and draws forth the first pale stars.

The night is cool and clear, and many people are strolling up and down the terrace. A confusion of footsteps, a hearty outburst of laughter, a wisp of conversation, a puff of cigar smoke—you are there in the midst, looking down over the railing on tiny Sous-le-Cap street, narrowest in

America. You hear childish shouts coming faintly from below, and two ragged little boys chasing one another under the white gas light. You would like to go down and explore that filthy lane, to poke your nose in amongst those dark shadows, and shabby dwellings, and know Quebec better. There are so many things you would have liked to do, so many places you would have liked to go—but the band of His Majesty's Royal Twenty-second, of whom, up to this time, you have been but dimly aware, have stood up to end the programme, and from the bandstand near Governor's Garden come the strains of *Oh Canada* to the playing of which the crowds respond by standing rigidly to attention with hats off. When the band breaks into *God Save the King,* no such responsive chord is struck in the spirit of the French-Canadian, who puts his hat on once more, and walks off into the night.

As eleven o'clock chimes out from the Basilica, the terrace is empty but for a few ardent couples, who for the most part have receded into the more secluded parts of Governor's Garden.

From the Chateau Frontenac, the music of a dance orchestra playing in the salon *Jacques Cartier,* can just be heard. But you are not going to bed. You are going down the side of the cliff in the rickety, old, *ascenseur*—down to mediaeval Quebec nestling at the foot of the rock. Perhaps you will meet Champlain lighting a waxen taper to his patron saint, at the high altar in Notre Dame des Victoires, or an Ursuline nun making the sign of the cross as a drunken sailor rolls by, or you may even come upon the Devil himself wrapped in a cloak of black velvet. But the time is short.

At three-thirty in the morning, a phantom shadow glides silently down the river past the citadel. A small tug puts out from one of the black wharves, and heads for the unblinking red eye which marks the port side of an Atlantic giant. You climb up the swaying rope ladder after the pilot, and *La Ville de Quebec* is swallowed up in the night.

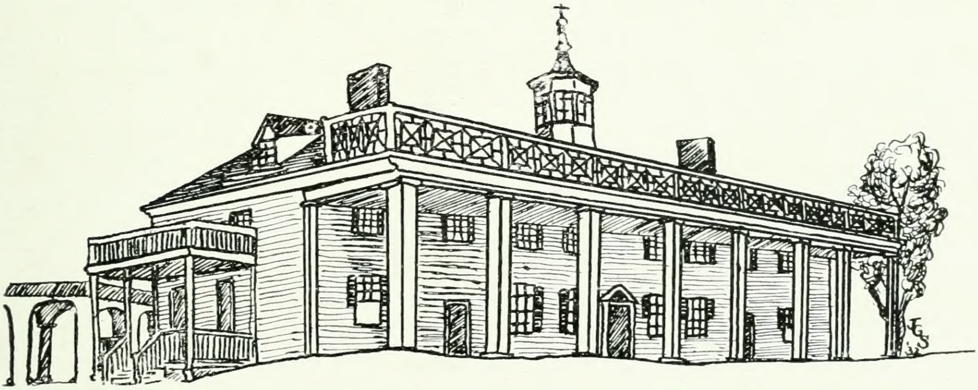
THE AMBASSADOR.

A Motor Trip Through Virginia

One of the most interesting parts of the United States is the State of Virginia. Lying to the south of Maryland and Pennsylvania on the Atlantic coast, it has been the scene of some of the most important historical happenings on the North American continent. It was one of the originals in the union of the first thirteen states under George Washington. Within its boundaries lie many of the battlefields of the War of Independence and the Civil War.

With this background, the state as it is to-day, remains one of the most interesting places to visit. There are beautiful roads stretching through great pine forests, which every now and again are broken by rivers both large and small. The state government has placed descriptive metal signs at all the historical points along the road, but, so great has been the share of the district in the happenings of the past, that, were we to stop to read all these, little travel would be possible.

Last year it was my good fortune to spend about a week motoring through the state. We crossed into it from the city of Washington. The boundary at this point is the historic Potomac River.



About twelve miles from Washington farther down the river, we come to the beautiful home of George Washington, Mount Vernon. It was a typical plantation and all the buildings are still standing in a good state of preservation. There are the many small cabins for the slaves, the large stables, the smokehouse, and many other outhouses. The house itself is a fine white structure, surrounded by sweeping verandahs. Inside the furnishings are truly wonderful, considering the early date of their creation. In front of the house a broad sloping lawn runs down to the river. In a little clump of trees near the water's edge are the graves of Washington himself and others of his family. The whole estate is now owned by the Federal government, and is kept as a national shrine.

About five miles along the highway, we come to the "Polhick" church, where Washington worshipped and was an elder. It is still in use, and is well kept. There is much white woodwork around the building, which, we are told, had to be replaced after the vandalism of some of the Civil War soldiers had destroyed the original. There is an elevated pulpit at the side of the church, to which the preacher ascends to deliver his sermon. The pews consist of little benches forming an enclosed square, one for each family.

The highway continues on near the water's edge to the city of Richmond, which is the capital of the state. It was also the capitol of the Southern Forces during the Civil War. The old government buildings, erected during that conflict, are still in use for the State Legislature.

From Richmond we proceed along the south bank of the James River to the city of Norfolk. The trip is about one hundred and ten miles through rather uninteresting, sandy country. Here we begin to see cotton and tobacco fields, and also peanut plantations; of these, this particular district produces a great deal.

Norfolk is most interesting by reason of its marine activities. It is the site of one of the biggest shipyards of the United States Navy. The James River here widens out into what is known as Hampton Roads, a great protected anchorage for the warships.

A visit to the shipyards is well worth-while. Visitors are usually allowed in, and are also permitted on board such of the ships as are at the docks. At the time of our visit we were fortunate in seeing the latest addition to the cruiser forces. She had just taken a trial run across to the Mediterranean and back, and was in drydock for slight alterations. We spent a considerable time wandering around, from the lofty bridge down to the engine rooms. We also inspected battle-ships and a destroyer. There were several old war-time ships there, which had never been repaired, and still showed the shell-holes from some naval engagement.

I believe one of the most delightful places we could find in this beautiful state is Virginia Beach, about twenty miles from Norfolk, on the ocean. Here the highway parallels a broad beach, on which thunder the Atlantic rollers.

Turning north from here, we come to rather an interesting structure about five miles along the road. It is the first lighthouse built by the United States, in 1789, I believe. It has been succeeded by a modern steel tower now, but still seems to be in good condition.

To get across the James river here, we cross what is undoubtedly one of the longest bridges in the world, four and a half miles in length. It is built on piers about eight feet above the water. It is like a full-width highway, having a concrete surface. In the middle we climb about fifty feet and cross a short, moveable section, which is to allow the passing of steamboats up and down the river.

Up the river some miles we come to the first English settlement on the continent, Jamestown. There still remain the outlines of the fortifications, an old graveyard, and the church. In this church Pocohontas, the famous Indian Princess, was baptized in the Christian religion. In the graveyard we find stones dating back to about 1630. The old well is still discernible, though now nearly closed up. The settlement was on an island, about a hundred and fifty yards from the shore of the river. We wonder at the courage of people who would leave civilized England to come to a strange land like this, where they found nothing ready for them, but had to cut from the forests a clearing for their habitations. They were ever in danger of attacks from the Indians for the woods grew thickly around the shores of the river. Two very interesting books have been written by Mary Johnson about this particular settlement, showing the lives of the early settlers, and their methods of living. These books are historically correct, and should be read by every student of colonial history.

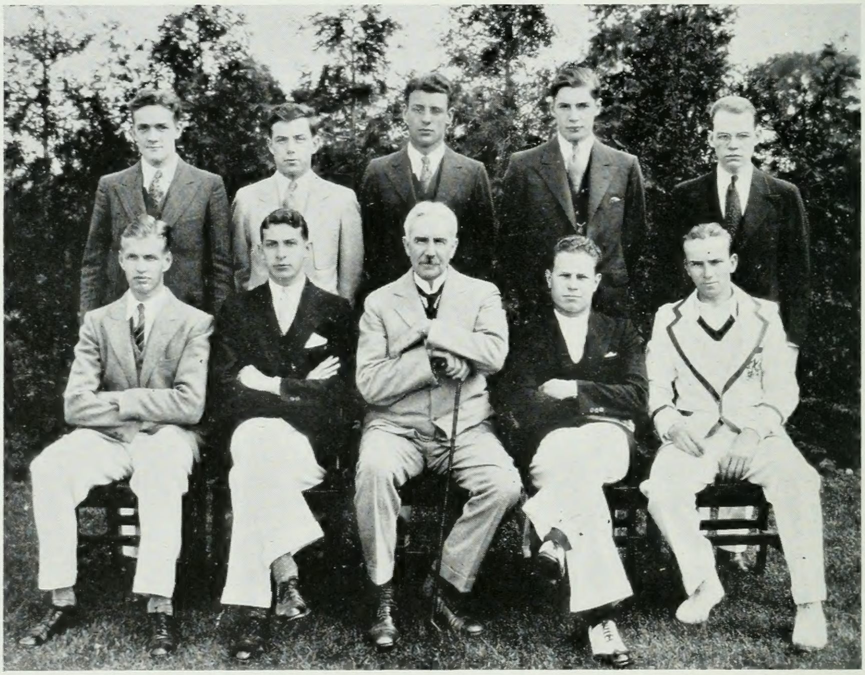
Near here we come to another important historical location, this one less interesting to the British mind. This is Yorktown, the scene of the final surrender of our armies in the War of Independence. There is a tall stone pillar to mark the spot. But apart from any fame arising from the war, the little village is well worth seeing for its architecture and surroundings. Situated on a quiet bay, it reminds one of the pictures of similar English villages, calm and serene, unchanged by passing years. Our attention is directed to the Customs Office, a little red brick building which has stood since about the beginning of the eighteenth century.

On our way back to Richmond along the north bank of the James, we come to an old village which shows clearly the colonial architecture, for the place is in a nearly perfect state of preservation. This is Williamstown. All the buildings stand as they were in the seventeen hundreds. There is also a very old university here, the William and Mary College. From its name we may guess the time of its founding. The original structure is still in use, and any new buildings are erected in a similar design.

On approaching Richmond, we come upon lines of earthworks, which constituted part of the southern defence of their capital city during the Civil War.

From here our route returns us to Washington by the same road along the Potomac by which we had entered this beautiful state. Passing the region around George Washington's home, we feel that we would like to stop there and begin all over again.

I. L. Jennings II, Lower VI.



The Prefects

The Empire State Building

Last Christmas I was fortunate in being able to take a trip to New York.

Among the different places that I visited was the Empire State Building, about which I would like to hold your attention for a few minutes.

The Empire State, as you probably know, is the highest building in the world. It stands one hundred and two storeys high.

I entered the building through a set of swinging doors and found myself in a beautiful, dark marble hallway or rather in hallways, because it was really a large room with about five batteries of elevators, with hallways between them.

I was accompanied by my uncle, my mother, and a friend. We walked along the main hallway until we saw a sign pointing to the elevator that would take us to the observation tower. After passing a desk where our entrance fee was paid, we proceeded to the elevator where a small crowd of other sight-seers were standing.

The elevator stopped at the sixty-fourth storey and we had to transfer to another which took us to the eighty-sixth. Here we stepped out and were shown along a hall and up a short flight of marble stairs.

To our right was a dining-room where several people were eating. On the left there was a corridor, partly circling the building, with large windows on the outer side. Outside the windows there was an open balcony completely circling the building where men, women, and children walked around in a steady stream, marvelling at the wonderful view.

On the inside walls of the inner corridor was pictured the plan of the opposite side of the city which we could not see from this side.

At the end of the passageway was a large lounge-room with luxurious looking chairs and chesterfields. At the far corner of this room was a bird cage; it was about four feet high off the table that it rested on; it was in the shape of the Empire State Building and contained several different species of canaries which lived in separate compartments. I cannot mention the names of any of these birds, but they sang beautifully and I can imagine that they enjoyed being so far up from the ground.

We went out on the outer balcony. The sun was shining from a clear blue sky on the people that stood watching the busy city below.

As we began walking around the balcony, my uncle pointed out certain places to us.

To the north-east is the Chrysler Building, which comes second in height to the Empire State. Its topmost spire came a little below our level line of vision. Farther away there is a large rectangle of land which is closed in by tall buildings. This is Central Park. Towards the west is the Hudson river and New Jersey. On the south is the busiest part of New York, Broadway and Fifth Avenue with all their lights and traffic. Automobiles look to be about as small as an ant on the floor would to you. In the east is Long Island bordered by the East River and the ocean. Street cars and elevated trains could be seen moving below us.

We could not see any very distant objects because the city atmosphere was not as clear as it might have been; otherwise we might have been able to see fifty miles or more away.

After a while we returned to the inside part again and took the elevator to the one-hundred and second storey. This is the very top of the tower. It is much smaller than the lower observation storey and has no outer balcony.

Up here we seemed to be above the murky air of the city and it is like being in an airship with the clear sky above and the busy city underneath. We could not see any part of the building below and it therefore seemed even more like an immense airship floating above the high skyscrapers and steady traffic moving like armies of ants far down in the streets.

The whole tower between the eighty-sixth and one hundred and second storey is completely illuminated at night and can be seen for many miles. Just think, sixteen floors of a building lighted like an electric sign! These floors, however, are not as high as the average storey so the tower would only amount to about nine of the usual storeys.

We went down to the eighty-sixth storey again where I bought a few postcards, and then on down to the street level. I enjoyed this experience more than any other that I had during my stay in New York, and I will end with saying that if you are ever in New York, do not miss a visit to the Empire State Building.

H. W. Barker, Form IV.

Flags

Flags!

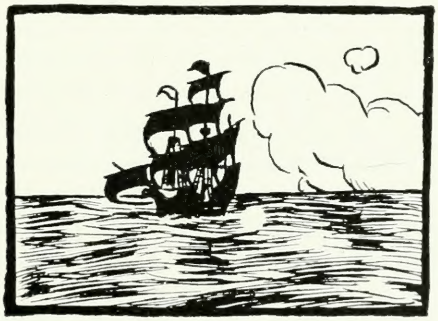
This is the word that has been more used in history and more emphasised than any other word. Flags have caused the rise of nations, the loss of life, and the fall of kingdoms. Countries have been claimed by flags; men have sailed into the unknown just to plant this piece of silk on strange soil.

Why is there all this fuss about a few inches of coloured cloth? It is the symbol of nations, laws, kings, navies, armies; it represents the highest and best in a country. Men die because of their flag. If it is taken, it is the greatest of disgraces. The heart and soul of a regiment is gone if it loses its flag.

Take the Union Jack, for instance. A whole Empire is represented by this "old bit of bunting." It is the by-word in the hearts of tropical jungles and in the frozen North. In times of danger men flee to where a Union Jack is flying. There is safety; and if they are killed, the Motherland will avenge their death. The colours and design represent the three original nations of the Empire: England, Scotland, Ireland.

Pioneers have been headed by their flag in their quest for settlement in far-off lands. Julius Caesar might not have conquered if it had not been for his standard-bearer jumping into the ocean and saying, "Follow me if you do not wish to lose your standard." Their standard was the equivalent of our flag. At the sound of this word men's blood thrills through their veins—Flags!

F. F. McEachren, Form III.



Spring

Spring, as the poet would say, is "one perfectly priceless old thing," and he is not far wrong, because after all is it not the most glorious time of all the year? When the long dreary winter comes to a close, there seems to be a new spirit in everyone as Mother Nature bursts forth in all her glory.

On one of those beautiful golden days which April borrows from June, I set out for a long ramble over the countryside to enjoy the warm sunshine, the blue sky, the sweet smell of the warm earth, and all that makes nature so "grand."

How wonderful everything seemed as I walked down this old country lane! There was joy everywhere, the sticky green sap rising in all the trees and shrubs, and millions of tight little buds slowly uncurling, while others were just ready to shoot into a beautiful, new, green leaf.

As I strolled leisurely along in the mud, my feet sinking two or three inches at every step, I was conscious of the shrill voice of Mr. Crow intermingled with the chitter-chatter of the little song sparrows, the brown thrush, and the old cock-robin; and looking up at a tall pine, I saw this large, gay fellow perched on the very top of the tree calling for his mate.

Spring? It most assuredly was!

It must have been some time after, though it seemed but a few moments to me, that I came to the gate of a well-kept farm, whose house stood far back from the road. I had always wanted to make a visit to a farm in spring and remembering that opportunity only knocked the once, I passed through the gate and began to make my way up the lane toward the house.

Gazing across the broad green countryside, I saw the farmer, led by his two black horses, turning over the rich brown soil. In the field next to the road some cows and horses were basking in the sun, and near the fresh green hedge which separated field from road, a mournful cow stood looking at me, blinking her large eyes, switching her long tail, and moving her mouth in the most ugly fashion.

Drawing near the house, I saw a little boy come scampering out, followed by a large black dog—not any particular kind of dog, just what one would call a plain dog, but in whose large brown eyes one could read the story of faithfulness.

When the little lad saw me, he turned and ran back into the house to tell his "maw," and a few seconds later a kindly soul appeared in the doorway, and asked me if she could do anything to help me; I knew she was going to ask me if it was engine trouble, but glancing at my cap, her pleasant face lighted up, and she said in her Cockney voice, "Oh, I thought you was one of them motorists that's always 'aving trouble, and wanted me to give you a kettle of water; I've 'ad three here to-day, and blimy but they're awful pests! But I see you're only a college boy, so come, what can I do for you?"

I told her that I had just come up to see her farm, and to enjoy the squawk of her hens, and the quacking of her ducks, and she replied:

"You're right welcome; I'd be only too glad to show you around, only I've some bread in me oven—but Jimmy here will take you around, won't you Jim? Eh?"

She gave him a hit, and he said, "Yes" most mechanically, and I knew by his look that he wasn't keen to show strangers his farm.

I thanked the jolly woman and strolled off into the barnyard, the little boy about ten or fifteen feet behind me, but the kind, old dog running and jumping in front.

I crossed the yard, and came to a magnificent (if it might be termed such) sty, and lying in a patch of sun was a bulbous, white pig, surrounded and attached to her ten little piglets, small pink things no bigger than kittens, begging and snorting in the great battle for life. A farm hand stood near with the daily feed, and as the old sow heard the bucket banging against her sty, she grunted a warning and arose, flinging her little ones fro mher and scattering them pell-mell in all directions.

As I stood looking over into the pen, the shy little boy came up and stood looking me over from head to foot. The big dog was getting restless now, and finally bounded off down toward the chicken coop where a proud rooster was strutting up and down in front of the pen. The dog gave a few pleading yelps as if asking me to follow him.

I looked around me. A small hawthorn tree was starting to bloom; little white snow flowers sprang from the bank of a tiny streamlet which ran gurgling past the garden fence; a hen and her chickens stood in the middle of the yard, the mother, her wings trembling, ready at any moment to give her young people protection, making an experienced clucking, which they, running here, there, and everywhere on their long, thin, india-rubber legs, answered with a series of shrill cheep-cheeps in which one could find confidence, surprise, pain, and alarm.

I looked back into the sty and smiled to myself. The little piglets, after a moment of confused indignation, had massed around the pail with their old mother in the centre. While the old pig supped noisily, they scuffled about, jumping and trying to push each other away, each one trying to reach the pail. I looked down; the little boy was smiling. It was a day for smiling, with the sun sending down its warm rays, such an eager pressing of youth in the world, and such an irresistible feeling of life in the air.

A short time later I left this trim little farm with all its joys of springtime, and with a piece of that fresh, homemade bread the woman had been baking.

As I turned out of the gate, I thought what a happy life those farmers live.

I walked through a mile or so of the most glorious woods, the dry leaves which had fallen the precious autumn crackling at every step. Overhead the trees were in bud, and the bushes on all sides were shooting forth new leaves. It was all so vibrant with renewed life; but feeling a bit weary, I sat down near the border of the wood. The sun passed behind a cloud, the rain fell, and the birds sang loudly as if to drown the patter on the new green leaves.

The rain began to slacken, then suddenly the sun again appeared between two clouds, and the rain by this time falling faintly and without enthusiasm, soon ended as sharply as it had started. I looked to the west and saw a rainbow rising in a brilliant arch over the green fields from whence I had come.

What a miraculous freshness there is in the air after one of those quick, spring showers; such a wholesome smell arises from the earth, like newly pulled mushrooms; such a busy-ness of bees in the fields of new clover; such a renewed greenness in the grass; and everywhere small sparkling beads of rain running down like globules of quicksilver from the broad leaves to the fresh earth below.

I had been perched on the fence surrounding the wood, under two large trees, and consequently felt no ill effects from this April shower.

Beyond, I could see the rolling green plains, and still farther away a cluster of pines a short distance from the quaint little farmhouse. The sky was blue again, and the fleecy clouds floated lazily on the soft breeze. It was just another masterpiece from the brush of Mother Nature.

As I sat there entranced with the springtime, and thinking of the freedom of the days that were to come, I heard faintly the peal of the warning bell; my dreams were shattered, and the spectre of the mid-summer examinations confronted me———.

Oh well, Spring *is* here!

D. F. Cousins, Form IV.

In The Wilds

"I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree," said the poet Yeats, voicing his yearning to leave "the city, and its pavements gray," and the conventions of civilized life, and to live a simple outdoor life amid the beauties of nature. There are few who have not felt this call, and to boys especially it comes most clearly. Some have run away to sea, others have wanted to be highwaymen, but to me it has always represented a peaceful camping trip among the mountains.

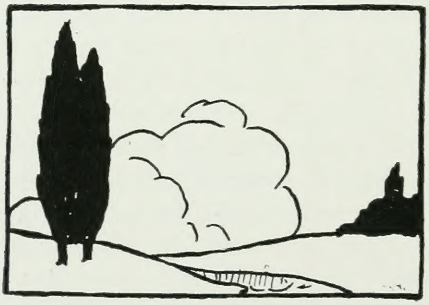
Our summer cottage in Formosa is built on the side of the Tai-tun mountain some three thousand feet above the sea. Behind it the ranges stretch for miles; one may travel all day and never meet a fellow human being. One summer my brother Ross and I decided to take a really long camping trip far back amid the wilds. Early one morning we set out, my brother, our dog Samuel, and myself. It was yet dark and the dew was lying heavily upon the grass, a few birds chirped sleepily and on our right we could hear the rush of a mountain stream. We had travelled several miles before the sky flushed with the dawn. We sat down to watch the dark sea pale before the rising sun until it seemed a veritable ocean of gold. All that day we travelled until at night we had covered perhaps twenty miles and had reached a height of six thousand feet. The night air was chilly and we went to sleep under thick blankets with the faithful Samuel lying at our feet. The next day we travelled steadily until late in the afternoon when we decided to make our final camp.

For the five wonderful days we spent at "Glencliff" I would willingly exchange a month of my life. "Glencliffe" describes the site to perfection —a small stream bubbling over the stones, mountains rising steeply all around us, the white streak of a distant waterfall against the sable cliff, the dark green ferns, the begonias, and the waving elephant grass will remain in my mind forever.

Clothes we dispensed with and wandered far and wide in shorts and tennis-shoes. Never until then had I realized what a friend was the sun; it shone through the clear mountain air as pure as crystal water. The humming of the big, red cicadas at evening, the far calls of the grouse, the faint, short cries of the kites circling above our heads, and the snowy beauty of the egret made me wonder why I had never made special note of these before. There were rabbits for Samuel to chase, there were birds for us to snare, and there were shrimps and fish for us to catch. Meals have never tasted as good before or since that time. The stream was full of large, black shrimps; these we would catch in our handkerchiefs, put them in the middle of a large handful of clay, and bake them in the glowing embers. I noticed many things which I never had observed before: we lay awake one night, gazing at the heavens, and counted forty-seven shooting stars; one day we found a hawk's nest among the crags and marvelled at its size—it was a good six feet across; our worthy Samuel failed to catch a rabbit and we concluded that he must be a slow dog, but the next day he killed a deadly snake by breaking its spinal column before the reptile could strike him—we changed our opinion about him. We saw mighty hawks attacked by black-birds and laughed to see the cruel pirates of the air come off second best. These and many other events opened my eyes to nature and showed me how a few days in the wilds can add to your knowledge as a library full of Natural Histories seems unable to do.

"The Last Buccanneer," said an end must come to all fine things and so it was with us. A victorious Roman imperator returning to Rome in triumph could not have been as uplifted as were we—we had seen and appreciated the joys of the wilds. The sun had already set when we were some miles from home; the crimsoned west turned a rich salmon, paled to pink, and darkened before the coming night. The sky was studded with countless stars, a new moon hung above a solitary mountain peak. We paused on the mountain-side above our cottage to survey the peaceful scene. Behind us rose the mountains, below us the great Pacific rolled, across the plain on our left other mountain peaks stood silhouetted against the sky, and in the dark plain itself the lights of a great city glittered like diamonds on a black velvet cushion. A meteor blazed its fiery path across the heavens and burnt out just above our home, and we followed where it led.

L. MacKay, Upper VI



Peace Hath Her Victories No Less Than War

On looking back over the pages of history, great names seem to stand out from among the multitude of the notables in the passing of time. On considering some of these, we find that the majority of them were great generals or conquering kings. Napoleon, Alexander, Caesar, Pompey, all these are noted for their leadership in war and the great victories they achieved. Thinking thus, you may doubt the veracity of the two lines used as the heading of this essay. May I, then, attempt to point out some examples of peace-time conquerors?

Let us take some modern versions of this thought-provoking statement. The late King Edward the Seventh of England ruled for only about ten years, a comparatively short duration after that of his grandmother. But his reign is noted for the fact that in that time the British Empire was involved in no wars, and in that time her prosperity increased by leaps and bounds. I think any royal sovereign would be proud to have these distinctions in his term of office.

During the sixty and more years in which Queen Victoria was granted control over the English race, her people were troubled by more than the usual number of wars. The Crimean War, the trouble in India, and the two parts of the Boer War are among the most important of these. But the same period produced some of the most famous statesmen and literary geniuses ever developed. Gladstone and Disraeli were two of the greatest politicians to appear in any period of the world's history. They were more important to their period than the famous generals developed in the battles of the same time. R. L. Stevenson is an example of the literary men of the period. His story is an interesting one. Born a frail child, he remained constitutionally weak all his life. Barred by health from doing any of the interesting and adventurous things he dreamed of, his poems and stories are nevertheless among the happiest, brightest, and most interesting produced by any man.

From the history of our own country in the same period we may draw a fine example of a peace-time victory. Back about 1860, a few men throughout the lower provinces which comprised the Canada of that day began to think of a union of the British Colonies in North America. The idea gradually spread till several of the most eminent minds in Canada were behind it. But there was much opposition. The Maritimes did not wish it, and there against the plan arose the great Howe, one of the finest orators, we are told, in the country. But the

"Fathers of Confederation" as they are now called, steadily developed their scheme till in 1867 the union took place.

In the United States at the same time comes the story of Abraham Lincoln. He was a poor country boy, who came to be President. Throughout his whole career, he kept before his mind the ideal of freeing the slaves in his country. But, you say, he was responsible for three years of civil strife. Yes, but war would not have been his choice had affairs been left solely to him. And his victory was one to last in his country forever, it is hoped, through peace and war.

The conquering of the Niagara Escarpment's barrier to shipping from the head of the lakes is now completed in the finishing of the new Welland ship canal. Now the biggest boats on the lakes can travel from Port Arthur to Lake Ontario in safety. The man who could build a canal big enough for that and about twenty miles in length should indeed be famous. Yet I doubt if one in ten thousand in Ontario know the name of the chief engineer of that great work, the recently deceased John Laing Weller.

And so we see that though the most important men seemingly are the military leaders, on consideration we find this to be hardly the case. And these are only some of the most notable examples; every bit of machinery used in the making of that great canal we mentioned was only constructed as the result of many little victories in the scientific and economic world. Now you may be able to understand the title better.

I. L. Jennings, Lower VI

"Sweet-sweet!"

The Canadian West and its People

Most of us who live in eastern Canada have a fairly good knowledge of the land lying to our east and of that to our north, but strangely enough, the average easterner has a very poor and vague conception of western Canada. He has doubtless heard that it is a vast farming area, the soil of which is fertile and good for wheat-growing, and that the people living there are, for the most part, foreigners; this, however, is about where his ideas stop. Having spent several summers in the west and gone about among its people, I think that I could perhaps add something to the "farm and foreigner conception" of most of us.

The thing that most impressed me during my first visit to western Canada was the great amount of flat open land and the scarcity of lakes and rivers. One can motor for days at a time along the prairie trails and yet never see a suitable place in which to have a good swim. This lack of water is largely due to the intense summer heat and the flatness of the country in general. Indeed, even the rainfall has slackened greatly in the last few years, and on hundreds of miles of what might once have grown tall excellent wheat, had the soil been sufficiently moist, the grain is scarcely three inches from the ground. Such stunted and withered "straw crops" as they are called are, of course, not worth cutting and the disappointed farmer usually turns his cattle into these fields, or ploughs his wheat under. Some people have even gone so far as to say that central Saskatchewan, where these droughts have been the worst of late, is slowly becoming a semi-desert with a soil, though still very rich, that is becoming more and more dried out each year. Irrigation, they say, must be adopted if wheat farming is to continue to be a profitable occupation on the prairies. This may or may not be so. One thing is certain, however, and that is that we must not look too far ahead into nature's plans. Up until the last two summers she has supplied the great wheatfields of Saskatchewan with a liberal supply of moisture, and it would not do to despair of her further aid too quickly.

The majority of the people who live in the west are foreigners, mostly from central Europe, and are, on the whole, the most optimistic people I have ever known. Their main occupation is, of course, wheat-farming, and the way in which they have faced the successive years of loss and yet still look forward to "better times," as they say, is truly admirable. When they come to Canada, they come with the set intention of working hard and making good. Unfortunately, this cannot be said of the average young Britisher. He is of an adventurous make-up, and comes to this country with the intention of seeing all he can, working in a factory —or, if he has to, on a farm, and returning home the following year.

He is, in the majority of cases, a roamer, a sightseer, anything but a settler. He is attracted by the colourful scenes and pleasing "write-ups" about the "sunny Canadian West" in the station rooms at home, and when he arrives here is disappointed to find that Canada is not a great deal sunnier than his own country, and that it is not merely a matter of stepping into a job the moment he lands. As a result of his disillusioned ideas, he probably tramps most of the year, begging food and clothing. At length he may obtain work and gather about him enough money to return to the old country,—tired, disappointed, and unhappy. His reasons for coming to Canada, as I have said, are a long way from being sound ones, and have no depth whatsoever. This is where the Canadian Immigration Offices fall down. They should not allow these young fellows into the country.

For the most part the foreign element throughout the west is made up of Hungarians, Germans, and Danes. These races do not intermingle at all and live in separate settlements. For instance, twenty miles or more from a Hungarian settlement there may be a district settled by Germans or Danes. These peoples are not at all unfriendly with one another, but are, naturally, not used to living together in their home lands and they adopt the same principle here. The Hungarians are usually of medium height and of a stocky build. They have dark hair and brown eyes and are rather good-looking people. The Germans greatly resemble the Hungarians though they are lighter in colour and generally have a better education. By reason of this last, they learn to speak the English language much more readily. The Scandinavian is tall, thickset and strong, with fair hair and light skin. If anything, he is a little more backward in his farming methods, in comparison with the Hungarians and Germans, but this is probably due to ways which he has acquired in working his barren and rocky land at home.

It would not be right, however, to single out any one of these European nations as being better than the other. As I have stated, they come to western Canada with the sincere intention of working hard and making good. Their main wish is to get a piece of land from the government and, as time goes on, to build a happy little home on it. In course of time, when a man gets a little money, he purchases more land, until he has two or even three square miles well cultivated. The woman of the household and her daughters work as hard as the father and sons to better their new home. The women are clean, thrifty, and good cooks. Most of the new-comers are Protestants. Every settlement has one or more churches and on Sunday each family attends regularly, notwithstanding the fact that the service may be ten or fifteen miles away. The Hungarian service lasts for four hours. It consists of singing, praying, the minister's sermon, and Sunday school for the children. The only intermission is a short recess after two hours have elapsed. During this break some of the young people who have adopted our modern views of religion, decide that they are quite good enough, having attended two hours of the service and thus, by skilled methods, evade the older people and skip the latter two hours.

The Canadian-born children are, in general, quick in learning Canadian methods and ideas, and are very bright in their school work. They learn to speak the English language at school, while at home they talk in nothing but the native tongue of their parents. It is rather amusing to sit at the dining-table with them and hear the father and mother constantly jabbering away in Hungarian when the young ones of the family talk in a sort of mixture,—speaking one sentence in Hungarian and the next in English. I once asked one of the boys on a nearby farm why the children always conversed in this manner. He replied that when they could not think of quick ways of expressing their thoughts in English, they used Hungarian, and vice versa.

The young people lead very simple lives. They are to be envied in that they get great joy out of the simple and natural things of life. A pretty young saddle horse is as much to them as a sporty little roadster would be to us. A game of horseshoes and then a drive into town and back of a Saturday night completely satisfies them. The few but brilliantly lighted stores with their high, false fronts, the main street crowded with groups of these simple people talking over the events of the past week, the occasional old Ford rattling to a stop over near the hardware shop,—this is the town of a Saturday night. They plan weeks ahead for their church picnic, an event which attracts both young and old. This is one of the greatest days of the whole year. When it arrives, races are run and games played. Ice cream, candy, and home-made articles are sold. A very dull life we would term all this, but not so for them. To their minds it is a life of happiness and pleasure.

In short, these people of central Europe are conscientious workers, clean, honest, hospitable, and, best of all, contented. With such parents handing down such high ideals, it can hardly be said that the coming generations will not make excellent citizens and develop the Canadian West in the proper way.

K. L. WEBSTER II, Form V.

Professionalism in Sport

The idea of striving among themselves in athletic activities was first brought forward by the ancient Greeks. Other peoples were unable to understand why men should risk life and limb for the sake of an olive wreath. Gradually through the centuries, however, men have learned to strive for victory in sport, whether it is attended by a prize or not. I cannot see that there is any reason why there should be no prizes, but I do think that success is a much finer thing if there is no material reward.

The purpose of sport, as we see it to-day, is to develop the human body and to provide healthy amusement for the youth of the world. It serves this purpose very well, I believe, and takes a large place in our thoughts and aspirations. All this is good. But as every schoolmaster knows, you can have too much sport. I believe that many fine careers have been ruined by over-indulgence in what ought to have been a harmless pastime. But the whole world admits that the good effects of athletics by far outweigh the bad.

Professionalism has brought a new factor into the world of games. Some denounce it as alien to the original spirit of fighting solely for honour. There is a great deal in this, and I am sure we all hate to read in the newspapers that a player has been sold to another team for so much money. That is not my idea of sport. But there are other sides to the question. In ancient Greece there were no stuffy offices to work in. Everyone had a chance to be out in the air, to work, to tire, to sleep. Nowadays the average man gets no opportunity of doing these things. He can rarely take any natural exercise himself, and so he goes to arenas and stadiums to watch others. He enjoys himself and it does him good to get away from the cares of city life for an hour or so. Were it not for the fact that there are games to be watched on almost every night of the week, the people would probably take up some more harmful form of amusement.

If you are lucky and can get a game fairly regularly, but are not very good, it is most discouraging to see someone who can play so much better than you ever will. It makes you feel like giving up and joining the crowds that flock to see the slaughter. That is perhaps the worst effect of professional sport. The only attitude to adopt is one of utter disregard; but even so, it leaves a bad taste in your mouth. You must continue in your old way, which, though clumsy, is still your best.

Almost every normal boy would like to be a professional in some sport or other. Think of fighting on to victory with the noise of cheers and praises in your ears! A noble aspiration! I can see nothing wrong in becoming a pro. and playing your favourite game for a living instead of struggling away in an office. But when you get older and are eased from the ranks of first-class players, what then? From that time on you can but live in memory, whereas your friend who sweated away in the office is doing well and has great hopes for the future. If you are a professional sportsman, you reach your goal when young; if a business man, when you are old. There is a great deal to be said for both sides, but I would sooner work slowly up towards success than shoot my bolt and be useless for the rest of my life.

P. B. PARKER, Lower VI.

"Two loves have I"

A Stroll in Spring

A few mornings ago, I woke up early with the first rays of the sun shining down upon my face. The birds were singing outside and I suddenly felt that I wanted to go for a tramp across the hills.

I was soon up and away, and although the grass was still somewhat wet from the previous night's dew, the warm sun was quickly drying it. There was a faint mist rising from the damp grass, which seems to hang in the air like a gossamer curtain, shifting hither and thither with each puff of wind.

Gradually the mist cleared away and from my hilltop perch to which I had climbed, I could see for miles. A few cattle were grazing in a field far off, and, all around, tilled fields showed up in a dozen different shades of brown with here and there a patch of green where something was planted. The sunshine and the clear morning air make these fields look like an enormous patchwork quilt which has been carelessly thrown down on the sleeping earth.

I stood musing, and all around me was rising that mysterious perfume of the earth which is so strong in the springtime when new life is budding everywhere. For some time I stood, lost in thought, intoxicated by the langourous mystery of my surroundings. How easy it was to imagine myself in a fairy garden of delight, where all is peace and quiet.

The harsh cawing of a crow seeking its breakfast aroused me from my reveries, and I began to walk on again, once more to seek out new wonders of the spring. The air seemed to be deathly still, with never a living creature in it, and yet I seemed to sense subconsciously that there was a vibrant, throbbing stream of life there, only waiting to be released by some force which I could not understand.

I stopped for a moment to watch a robin, out seeking food for his young, fighting a battle royal with a large worm. The robin braced his tiny legs, grasped the worm firmly and pulled for dear life. Soon the worm gave up the struggle and Mr. Robin flew away with his prize to feed his hungry youngsters.

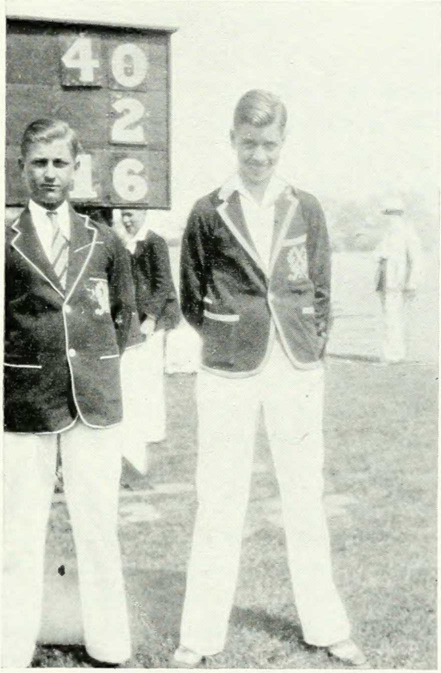
A groundhog nearby, not having seen me, was busy nibbling some tender young shoots, but when I snapped a twig he was in his hole like a flash. Everywhere it seemed that life, in a thousand different ways was coming into existence and passing away.

But on a spring day one does not think of death. New life is blooming everywhere, freshening and reviving this old world.

The enormousness of nature and her works is hard to fathom. Why does a flower grow? Why are the leaves of a maple tree always the same shape? Why are violets blue? These and a thousand other questions arose in my mind, all mysteries and unsolvable secrets of nature.

There is a great awe and respect in my heart for nature, for she can do so many wonderful things that man can never hope to do.

L. S. Evans, Lower VI.



WARDENS OF THE "BIG HOUSE"

The Development of a Canadian Automobile Industry

In order to obtain the sympathy of the reader of this article, it will first be necessary to outline the tremendous universal importance of the auto industry. The claim is made by statisticians that the manufacture of automobiles employs more people indirectly than any other industry in the world. This statement may reasonably appear exaggerated at first, but when the raw products composing a modern auto are enumerated, the verity of this pronouncement is obvious. The term "indirectly" used above, is meant to convey to the reader that not only the labourers who manufacture the component parts of the finished automobile, but also those who obtain and transport the raw materials, are included in this estimate. If the reader has been persuaded that the industry is one of universal importance, my desire now is to impress upon him or her the necessity for Canada to obtain and maintain her fair share of it.

Canada, as yet, is not a manufacturing country. Her development has been nurtured chiefly by the demand for her raw and agricultural products by the great manufacturing countries of the world. Recently, however, other countries, such as Russia and Argentina, have been able to sell their wheat in former Canadian markets at a lower price than that of Canada, due to the lesser living requirements of their peasants. We, as Canadians, with Canada's future in view, have no desire to have the Canadian West settled by peasants whose mode of living is little improved since the days of our own youth. Therefore, if Canada is to maintain her status among the nations of the world, it is essential that she become more independent. That is, we must formulate and adhere to a new, well-balanced, commercial equation, whereby a reciprocal condition will exist between the nations two great factions: the manufacturers and the agriculturists or obtainers of raw materials. Automobile manufacturers require many raw products found in Canada, such as wood, metals, petroleum, coal, etc.; and they also use the native hydro-electric power resources.

The many employees of the automobile industry are, as a rule, well paid, and can afford to dress and dine well. This is a boon to the haberdashers and farmers. We send food and raw materials to the United States, where American labourers consume the food and transform the raw materials into an automobile, which is sent back to Canada. The profit on one auto which the Americans retail is greater than the combined profits of the Canadians on their raw materials and food which enter into the production of the auto. It is, therefore, quite apparent that the logical thing to do is to complete the whole cycle in Canada. Mention of the fact should be made here, that although we have several American manufacturers established in this province, a large percentage of the profits return to their American stockholders; their chief executives are Americans, and the managers are naturally inclined to line their own pockets rather than aid the labourer of the country.

To the average citizen in the suburb or rural community an auto is almost a necessity, or to say the least, a very practical convenience, for in a country of Canada's magnitude, where distances between points are so great, an individual, for independence, is compelled to have a private vehicle of some description or other. If the industry were deep-rooted in Canada under Canadian supervision, it would be possible for many more Canadians to enjoy the varying beauty of the whole Dominion from the vantage of a trans-continental highway—though it is as yet unbuilt, because a few nondescripts advocate a "highway building holiday." These persons are evidently unaware of the fact that since the advent of American tourist traffic in Canada, the Dominion has become one and a half billion dollars wealthier. The highways of Canada represent an investment of only one-fifth of the aforementioned sum. Surely, then, highways are not poor investments. Do these advocates realize that Canadian motorists annually pay a gasoline tax greater than the road-building expenditure, and also, on purchasing their auto, a large sales tax? Realizing this, it is incredible to think that these advocates begrudge the motorists any more paved roads in the Dominion. It seems logical that a Trans-Canada highway would not only give employment at the present time, but also have the psychological effect of inducing the public to purchase the elegant new cars and drive them a great deal. In a few years, automobiles will have cruising speeds of over seventy miles per hour, and any citizen owning an automobile could then see his native land from coast to coast during his or her annual two-week holiday. The mixing of citizens from different sections of the Dominion would in time break down the discordant sentiments extant, and construct a sympathetic and co-operative understanding between the provinces, which would ultimately result in a greater Canada.

After reading the preceding paragraphs, the reader scarcely requires a written conclusion, as the sentiment which permeates the essay could only be utilized to express one ultimate opinion. I am sure, however, that the reader will accept this summary as representative of the whole article: Canada is vitally in need of her own automobile industry, which should be financed and supervised by Canadians with a view to increasing Canadian commercial independence.

E. E. Robertson, Form V.

Our Impression of a Final History Exam.

Read each question before you attempt to answer it. Watch the clock, 22½ minutes to be spent on questions 1 and 2, and 45¾ minutes on Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7. You won't have time for 8, 9 and 10. This paper will be graded on a basis of 10 points for every question, totalling 100.

1. Explain the difference between the South Sea Bubble and Ponzi's operations (for gallstones and appendix) with reference to Lord Northcliffe's attitude on the tariff. (Stick to facts.)

2. Trace the course of the wars of the Roses, giving dates, but no figs., for all important battles. Mention Dion O'bannion's part in this struggle (an outline will help).

3. What were the Cinque ports? (Omit this.)

4. Compare the reigns of Henry IV, part I, and Henry IV, part II, with attention to: (*a*) form of government; (*b*) foreign policy; and (*c*) social customs and habits. (Use your imagination.)

5. Classify the Picts, Scots, Jutes, and Hemps as to locality occupied and approximate dates of conquest by whoever conquered them. (Be brief.)

6. Identify and place in order: 1066, 59 B.C., 1074, and 1567.

7. Why do you like Henry VIII? Why do you dislike Charles the Old Pretender? (Be truthful.)

8. Do you think the Archibishop of Canterbury was a capable man? Why? Why not? Or are you neutral?

9. What was the Rump Parliament? (Keep your discussion clear.)

10. What do you think should be added to make this course better? (If you're smart you'll know how to answer this.)

R. C. Vowell, Form V.

Captain Quigley—An Old Boy

Captain Francis Granger Quigley, D.S.O., M.C.

Quigley was an old boy of this school. When the war began, he joined the Royal Air Force and became an ace. He had the same amount of enemy machines destroyed to his credit as the leading Italian and Austrian aces who each had thirty-two.

Captain Quigley was born in Toronto in 1894. He played outstanding hockey while at this school. He continued his course at Queen's University.

Shortly after the war began he enlisted in the Field Engineers. He crossed to the front and served for two years. He requested to be transferred to the Royal Flying Corps. After a period of training in England, he returned to France and was attached to the 70th squadron.

Right from the beginning he distinguished himself as a good fighter and was soon mentioned in despatches for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty.

In the fall of 1917 he was decorated with the Military Cross for his remarkable services.

When the German drives put the south of the British Fifth Army in a perilous condition, the airmen were called to help the British by attacking the German troops on the ground. During the beginning of the great offensives, Quigley displayed exceptional bravery. He was in the air most of the day. In the four big days following the twenty-first of March he fired more than three thousand rounds of machine gun ammunition at the German troops, dropped over thirty bombs and brought down several enemy 'planes. For this work he received the Distinguished Service Order.

Shortly after this he destroyed his first enemy balloon. He was attacked by a large enemy formation which was trying to protect the balloon. After a brilliant fight he shot down four 'planes and the balloon. For this work he received a bar to the Military Cross.

By the beginning of May, 1918, his total of victories was thirty-two and he was one of the leading pilots then in active service.

Soon after this his ankle was shattered by a bullet. He returned to Canada and was made an instructor at Armour Heights for the Royal Air Force. Later he went to Beamsville where a new camp had been made.

By September he had fully recovered from the effects of his wound. He asked to be allowed to return to the front. His request was granted and early in October he set sail. On the boat he contracted influenza and on his arrival at Liverpool he was taken to the hospital.

Two days later he died. All we can say is, "He fought a good fight."

H. Smith III, Form IV.

The Librarians

The Summer Term

I.

The summer term is here at last,
The lovely sunny days,
The fresh sweet air that blows along
Through all the sky's blue haze.

II.

The cricket season's open now:
The willow and the ball;
The good old school defends her cause,
Her sons come at her call.

III.

The team is on the smooth green pitch,
A game is now at hand;
Her bowlers, batters are supreme
And ably take command.

IV.

To the skirling of the bagpipes
The boys are on parade;
With kilts and white spats swaying,
So men are being made.

V.

The holidays are here right now;
Each boy must bear with might
His own headmaster's final words:
"Fight always the good fight."

I. B. MACDONALD III., FORM IV.

Television

Television, although a comparatively unknown science, has opened a new and interesting field for pioneers. Experimenters in radio tell us that in approximately twenty years every house which now has radios will have this marvellous addition. It has aroused such universal enthusiasm that nearly every nation under the sun is making its helpful contribution towards improvement. I shall, therefore, attempt to describe a few of the fundamentals which constitute, in my opinion, the most interesting branch of science to-day.

In everyday broadcasting the announcer stands before a microphone, which, by sympathetic and inductive vibrations, electrically reproduces his voice. Similarly, in television, the speaker faces a series of photoelectric cells, which are capable of taking an electrical picture of him. In photography, a camera can take a picture on a rather dark day, but this is not the case with these cells. Consequently, a powerful neon lamp is employed, which is focused on the subject. In front of this is an immense circular disk, the entire surface of which is covered with perforations. This "scanner," as it is called, when made to revolve, casts pencils of light, with the result that the subject's face is completely illuminated. These rays of light are converted, by the aforesaid photoelectric cells, into electrical impulses, and these, by means of highly-elevated wires, are projected into the ether, through which they pass until they find their destination at the receiver's aerial.

The radio set which attracts these waves is somewhat similar to the sending apparatus. It resembles the ordinary radio, with the exception of a silk screen above the amplifier. Yet behind this is a scanner similar to the one mentioned before, revolving at the same speed. Again a neon lamp is utilized. Consequently the rest of the process is merely the reverse of that at the transmitting station, which is the task of converting the electrical impulses into light rays. These in turn are produced on the screen.

In conclusion, I might add that this essay does not begin to be a complete illustration of television, but is merely a brief resumé of its outstanding features. Some people maintain that perfection will never be attained, but for my part I think they are greatly mistaken.

H. M. THOMPSON I, Upper VI.

The Canadian Government

The Canadian Government is one similar in many respects to that of the mother country. Canada is no longer connected with England except by traditions of mutual law and by bonds of sentiment, and of course by the symbol of the "Crown," which holds the whole of the British Empire together. The Government in Canada is still carried on in the name of the King, and such things as highways, etc., being called after the King, help to remind us of him.

There is a Governor-General appointed by the Crown to come out and be the representative of the King in Canada. His duties are mainly to open and dissolve Parliament, sign bills that have been passed, make speeches from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, and attend many social functions.

The machinery of the government is composed of the Governor-General, the Executive Council, the Assembly, and the Senate, which does duty as a revision chamber. The Executive Cabinet or Council is represented in the House of Commons by the Prime Minister and a few of his ministers. By thus sitting in the House of Commons, the Executive Council can oversee the expenditure of public funds, and can also explain to the House all the actions of the Executive Council.

A bill, when introduced into the House of Commons, is read three times, and is then passed on to the Senate which reviews and possibly revises the bill by reading it three times again. The bill, having passed through the Senate, is returned to the House of Commons again where it is re-read, and if agreed upon, becomes law after the Governor-General has affixed his signature to it. If in the process, the Senate does not agree to the bill, and delays it, the House of Commons have but to wait for a certain fixed time, approve it again, and the bill becomes law.

If the majority in the House of Commons is defeated at a division, it must either go to the country in an election, or resign; but in either case, unless the same group wins in the election, it becomes the minority or opposition. Sometimes, the majority, when defeated like this, does not wish to resign, and in this case, its opponents simply refuse to vote funds for carrying on the Government.

The Provincial Government is much similar to the Dominion Government except that it does not have a Senate. The only exception to this is Quebec's Provincial Legislature. The Provincial Government is quite as powerful in its sphere as is the Dominion Government within its sphere.

J. H. DONOVAN, FORM V.

A Part of the 1933 World Fair

A great metal globe, as high as an eight-storey building, will represent the earth and cover one of the greatest exhibits at the World's Fair in Chicago in the summer of 1933.

The exterior of the ball will be covered with a map of the world. The oceans will appear in gleaming, silver-coloured stainless steel and the continents in medium blue paint. The land areas are to be set out slightly from the globe and many coloured lights beneath will be turned on for evening display.

Puffs of live steam will be released to float upwards like clouds. At night coloured lights will play on the billowing white vapor and it will give the impression of the huge globe floating among the clouds.

Inside, four elevators will carry spectators to the main floor, fifty feet above the ground. There, they will follow winding walks that lead past swamps of prehistoric vegetation and cliffs that form the natural setting for the giant animals. They will see woolly mammoths, saber-toothed tigers, giant turtles, dinosaurs fifty feet in length, and carnivorous monsters two storeys high, all breathing, eating, and fighting as though they were alive.

Constructed of wood, steel, canvas, and *papier-mâche,* they will be operated by electric motors. Approximately 500 electric motors will be used to make life-like movements for the animals.

Expert operators at switchboards will make these creatures swing their heads from side to side, roll their eyes, lash their tails, snap their jaws, and make their bellies rise and fall.

Along the railings of the walks there will be many ear-phones; by these the viewers can hear lectures on the many different animals at which they are looking. The lectures will be repeated continually by means of phonograph records in the operating hall. They will hear all the bellows, hisses, snarls, and trumpeting of the various animals.

One of the chief attractions on the main floor will be a reproduction of a "Death-trap of the Ages." This is a large tar-pit. It will show many animals mired and struggling to get free. The swamp is made to heave up and down as the animals struggle for freedom. It will probably be made of sponge.

In the construction of the animals over one thousand materials will be used and the whole display will be fire-proof.

The onlookers will also see prehistoric marine life. This display will be in large aquariums. As they progress, they will see modern animal life in natural surroundings.

Falling down the centre of the globe, there will be a forty or fifty foot cataract of ice water for a display and also to keep the large globe cool in the heat of the summer. The fair will last for only five months and therefore will need no heating system.

The cost of constructing this marvel will be nearly $1,000,000 and it will hold about 2,000 spectators at a time.

J. R. Shoch, Form IV.

The Literary Society

SCHOOL NEWS

The Upper Sixth

Cattle (*Tubby*)—Besides being a prefect, in his four years here Tubby has worked his way to the captaincy of the Cadet Corps. He ably presided over the Literary Society meetings, giving this year, as before, some very entertaining speeches. He holds the position of literary editor of this noble magazine and has won his distinction letter, the gold R. In the realm of athletics, "Junior" has twice graced the ranks of the Second Rugby team, as well as managing the First Hockey team this year. Cricket not being in his particular line, he is to be heard and sometimes seen on the baseball diamond every afternoon. A member of the Tuck Shop committee, Tubby has become a confirmed tea drinker. Next fall, after grazing with the other cows all summer, Mr. Cattle intends to study law at Toronto University.

Findlay I (*Jock*)—Also a prefect, Jock is the present member of a long line of Findlays who have passed through our school. He assisted Cattle as secretary of the Literary Society, which job he nobly upheld. He maintains the position of circulation manager of THE REVIEW, which is a very thankless one. Jock has the work of keeping us all in step as sergeant of the drums. Secretary of the Athletic Society, Findlay showed his belief in sports by making a place on the Second Rugby team, the First Hockey team, and the First Cricket team. Besides all this, Jock is a member of the Tuck Shop committee. Next fall, McGill will get a break as Findlay enrolls there.

Hughes (*Hugs*)—Jack is another of the select group called prefects. He was a star backfield player on this year's First Rugby team, where he proved himself very useful. Besides this he provided a right wing shot for the First Hockey team, where he worked well, even though he didn't begin playing until late in the season. Hugs also draws a duty sandwich from the Tuck, and is righteously mad when anyone beats him to it. At the close of the chapel service on May the 22nd, we thought we heard a din not unlike the "Anvil Chorus" issuing from the organ, but on looking at the organist, we saw that none other than Jesse Hughes Crawfordneagle was seated at the mighty gaspipe. Congratulations, Jack, you and Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopneagle. Varsity will find Hugs among its students next year.

Ponsford (*Pete*)—Petie also lays claim to a prefectship. Playing a sterling game of football last year, and continuing this year, Pete was rewarded by being made captain of this year's team. His playing was a delight to see, and he seemed to enjoy it as much as the onlookers. A great pal of Mr. Griffiths, Pete doesn't seem to be able to leave athletics alone, so he got himself elected to the Athletic committee. Undaunted by this, he plays pitcher in the baseball games and guarantees to walk more men in fewer balls than any man alive to-day. Besides all this, Pete's real claim to fame lies in his bugling ability. He is bugle-sergeant in the Cadet Corps, and what a noise he makes. Pete also sups tea of an afternoon along with roommate Cattle, also being on the Tuck committee. Pete is heading for Western next fall.

Waller (*Bob*)—Bob is a prefect, and if for no other reason that his length of time at St. Andrew's, he justifies his appointment. He has been here for 11 years, seeing the school pass through many changes. But there are other reasons (and lots of them) for the aforementioned prefectship. Among other things he is a business editor of THE REVIEW, and to him goes much of the work of getting the ads. Bob is also lieutenant in charge of the second platoon in "our army." He is a member of this year's First Rugby team and the Second Cricket team. In former years,

THE UPPER SIXTH

Bob has made a place on Lower School rugby, hockey and cricket teams, second and third rugby and cricket teams, Besides, he, teamed with Thomson I, has monopolised the three-legged race prize on sports day. Climaxing such athletic tendencies, he is a member of the Athletic committee and also the Tuck committee. Bob is headed for Varsity next fall to take the Commerce and Finance course in opposition to some of our noted Old Boys. Best of luck, Bob.

Sinclair (*Pete*)—After being away from school for several years, Pete came to us this year from Barrie. Working hard all year, he was rewarded a few weeks ago by being commissioned a prefect, thus setting a precedent in the school's history. He is a shining example of "local boy makes good". He didn't forget his musical talent when he came either: his trombone solos at the Lit. were very entertaining. He made a position on the Second Rugby team, though he came late in the season. Pete showed very well in the New Boys' boxing contests, having to fight two bouts before a decision was reached. Another ardent supporter of the Tuck, Pete is on the committee. Next fall Sinclair hopes to enter Medicine at Varsity. Keep up the good work—you'll go far.

Ackerman (*Ack*)—Ack has been here for four years now, throughout which time has has fiddled consistently with his fiddle. We hope that his fiddling has inspired somebody in the footsteps of Fritz Kreisler and others. This year Ackerman has managed the First Rugby team and the First Cricket team. He is the secretary of the Tuck Shop committee. Ack also is a keen golfer, and is to be seen almost daily disporting himself between the school and Yonge street. He also has fine tales to tell of the Belleville course. Too Scotch—probably Jewish—to buy new sweaters, etc. Ackerman intends to polish off his Honour Matric. to attend McGill University next year.

Armstrong I (*Geo.*)—The second of three Armstrongs to enter our college from the wild and woolly north, George has made quite a name for himself in his five years here. This year alone he has made the three first teams, captaining the cricket eleven. Despite his name, Army is no "tough guy," but neither he is any Rudy Vallee. Besides all this he can shove a golluf pill along with the best of them. As a good friend of Mr. Dowden, Army has taken seriously to rifle shooting. He also is the lieutenant of number three platoon. Next year, he follows his brother's footsteps at R.M.C. He has just been made a prefect, and we congratulate him—and the prefects.

Choppin (*Chop*)—Choppin is one of the few day boys, hailing from Newmarket. Last year he was on the First Rugby team, but this year was unable to play. For two years he has captured the senior fencing in the assault-at-arms. Besides, Choppin has garnered the position of left marker of number two platoon, ranked as a corporal.

Llis I (*John*)—In his five years at St. Andrew's, John has twice captured the I.O.D.E. shooting prize. He has obtained his Third Rugby team colours also. One of his chief traits (or is it a vice?) is his habit of "chiseling" leave. He sets an example for many St. Andrew's boys to follow. (Dr. Macdonald would no doubt put this last sentence in the negative.) He is undecided whether Varsity or McGill will be blackballed with his presence next fall. Best of luck in your Chemical Engineering anyway. Don't forget your humble beginning under Mr. Goodman.

Gow (*Howie*)—We will state right off that Howie is no connection with a certain Betty Gow of Lindberg fame, no matter how bad a character he is. He has been here two years now, in which time he has done several things. Last year he played an exceedingly good game at guard, both offensively and defensively. This year he again played this position and even better so. He is only doing partial work in his Honour Matric. this year but has the intention of finishing up next year back in the wild Border City of Windsor.

Graham I (*Gumo*)—Of portly figure, Mr. Graham is in the habit of doing things in an equally big way, as per an incident of a few weeks ago. Besides this he filled holes solidly in the ranks of the Second Rugby team, and is the runner-up to the wrestling champ of the school this year. On leaving the college, he is taking up a life of ease on his father's farm, far from the hectic life of St. Andrew's and vicinity.

Hamilton I (*Senator*)—Now serving his second term in office, Senator G. Powell Hamilton, Jr., B.O., S.H., is quite a figure in the school life. G. has always had quite a tough time with his studies, plans to stop his fencing, badminton, and so forth to do a little work and attempt to wrest the Commercial and Financial laurels from Waller at Toronto. He also is a member of the Tuck committee.

Hamilton II (*Beaver*)—Another individual from Barrie. Hammy is a librarian in Memorial House but never seems to be there when wanted. In his four years here he has figured in the line-up of several school teams: Third Rugby team, Independent Hockey, Midget Hockey, and Second Cricket team. He is a hard worker and the offspring of Virgil. Having lived in Winnipeg, England, Barrie, and St. Andrew's, he intends to keep his address constant here for one more year. He, too, has become a newly fledged prefect, and loud is the applause.

Jennings I (*Bill*)—Present for four years, he has proven himself a true Andrean. An all-round fellow, playing all the sports, he invariably holds a high position in class. Bill was a star defence men on the First Hockey team and is also holder of the position of first lieutenant in the Cadet Corps. His secret ambition was to outdo the nightwatchman's moustache. Next year Bill intends to continue his studies at S.P.S., Varsity. We wish him the best of luck in all his future undertakings.

McIver (*Moose Face Joe*)—An emissary from the Blackfeet tribe, Joe has visited us for a year now. He still seems worried over the doings of the paleface, but seems to know his squaws. He is the one and only great Aurora lady-killer. However, Joe finds some time to play the piano and organ, and has rendered some Indian chants and war dances to an enthralled Literary Society audience. He also plays Independent hockey and is rather startled by the speed of the game. Next year he will return with more tidings from the north.

Mackay (*Mac*)—From far Formosa Mac came to take the leadership of the form in maths. He works hard and consistently in his school work and athletics. He boasts First Rugby team colours as well as basketball. He walked off with most of the track events at school and Barrie, won the pole vault and also the hurdles. His work on THE REVIEW has been noteworthy. Mac's address next fall will be: Arts, U. of T. Best of luck.

Slingsby (*Hod*)—Setting a record as a small boy, for his size he has done great things. Second Rugby team, First Cricket, and several years a member of the gym team are amongst his doings. He is another Latin scholar of note, and also seems to be able to fathom the mathematics. Varsity will find him enrolled next fall.

Teare (*Sidney*)—Ending his fifth year at Aurora, P. S. has been a quiet but consistent worker. Mathematics are in his line and he knows how to polish them off. He is a stalwart supporter of badminton and plays quite a good game. With his matric. tucked under his belt, he's heading for Queen's in the near future.

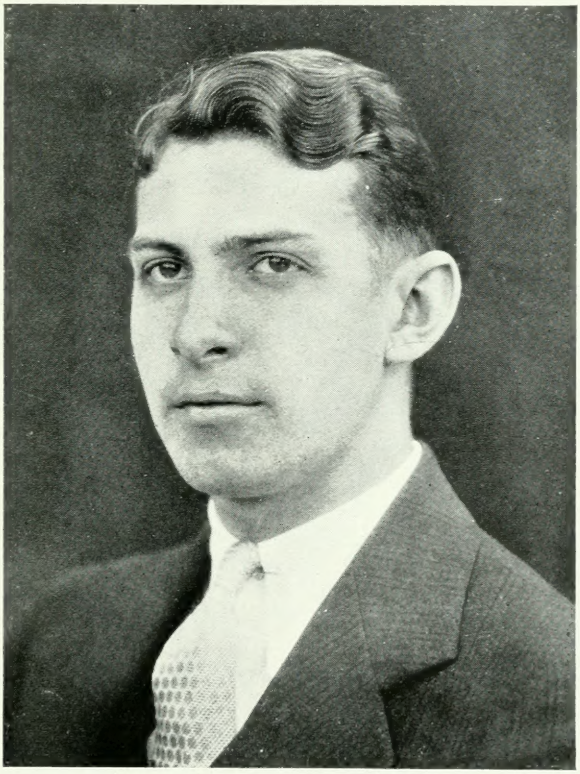
Thomson I (*Hughie*)—The foremost member of the dramatic troupe of Thomson, Cousins and Co. Ltd., Hughie is a mirth provoker in his skits at the Lit. He is also historian of the Lit. and Skit Editor of THE REVIEW. Doing partial matric this year, he intends to return next year to finish off. He dates back to the Rosedale school and has seen a lot of the school history take place. His ambition is to take over Seth Parker's work.

Yule (*Jack*)—Since his pal Penniston left, Jack has found it hard to find something to do. However, he is a skier of great renown, the best in many years, but was unable to show his ability this year. Jack will return in the fall.

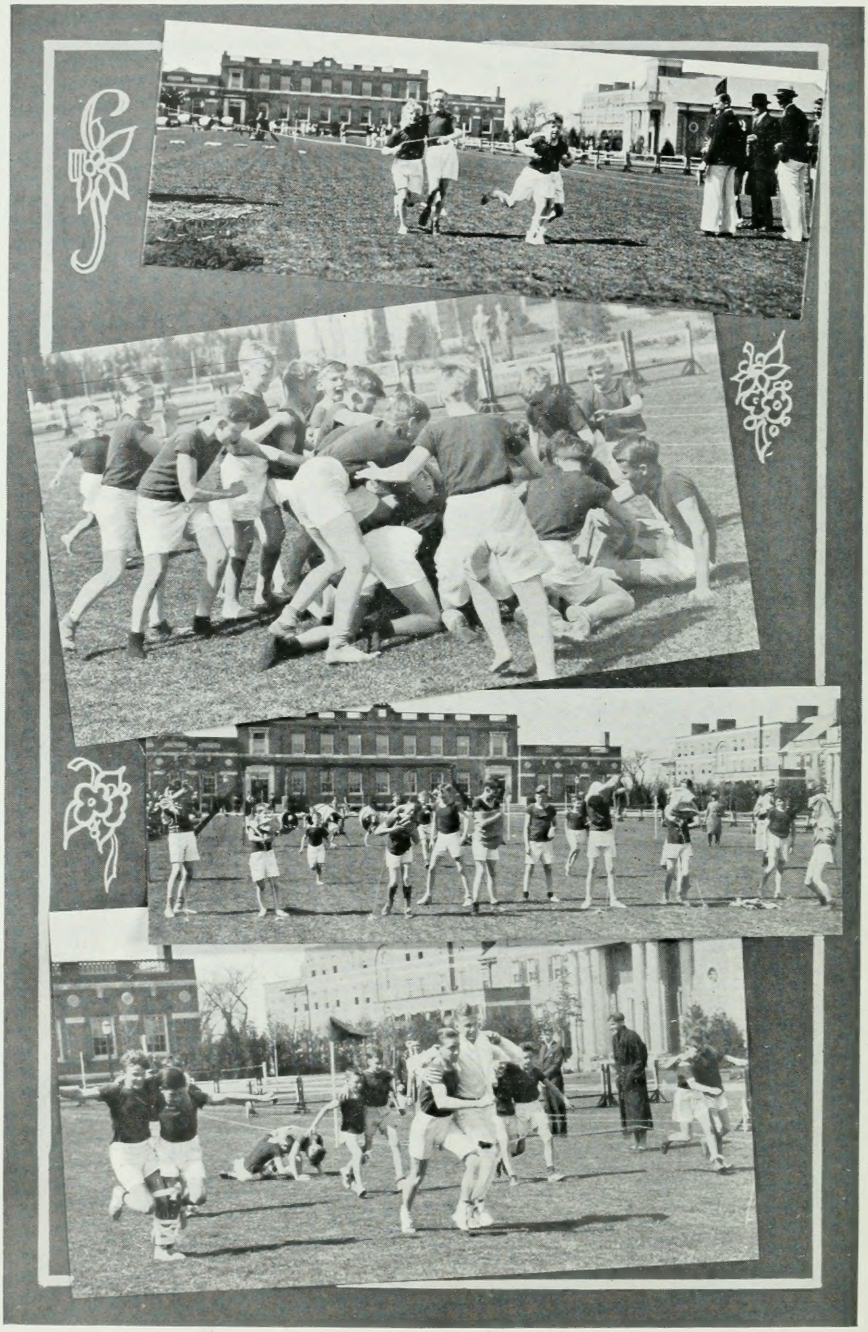
The Head Prefect

We have as our head prefect this year, Jack Detweiler of Rochester. He has always held a prominent position among us, having been a warden in Third House, a prefect, and now head prefect. "Det" has had something to do with everything in the school. Not content with being Athletics Editor of THE REVIEW, a leader in all our societies and committees, he has also won some renown as a baritone in the Glee Club, and has climaxed his musical ability by being lieutenant of the band.

"Det" applies himself wholeheartedly on the athletic field and in class. He intends to enter medicine at McGill next fall. The school wishes him the best of success in all his future undertakings, and thanks him for doing his utmost to promote our interests.



J. A. DETWEILER



Glances at Sports Day

Sports Day

The thirty-second annual athletic meeting of the College was held this year on Wednesday, May 18th, and in answer to our call the weatherman granted a most glorious day. It seemed to be a day of thrills and climaxes for everyone, as during the past week the preliminaries had been run, and now came the final events with the cups for junior and senior championship to be won.

The touch of springtime which had fallen upon us so unexpectedly, together with the bright sunshine, the velvety green grass and, blue skies heralded in a most successful and enjoyable day.

This unusual weather for Sports Day attracted many parents and friends from Toronto and by two-thirty the quad was dotted with many people in gaily coloured costumes, the ladies in variously shaded coats and the boys in anything from running suits to their cream flannels and crimson blazers.

At a quarter to three cars were still pouring into the parking area, and the buzz of voices could be heard from one end of the quad to the other,—people were getting restless—officials were running back and forth along

JUNIOR AND SENIOR SPORTS DAY CHAMPIONS

the track, shouting at one another in impatient voices. Athletes stood at the starting point, shivering.

A few moments before the start of the races, a large blue limousine which had ascended the drive, turned at the chapel and slowly made its way along the opposite side of the oval and finally came to a standstill in front of the Headmaster's house,—and Mrs. Dunlap, who was to present the prizes, accompanied by Dr. Macdonald, crossed the lawn and took her place to watch the sports.

By this time officials were comparing watches and glancing at the clock which was at the other end of the field. Benches and chairs, which stretched from one end of the quad to the other, were packed with quivering loads of mothers, fathers, and little sisters, who kept asking what the flags were for and when the boys were going to run. A knot of

School Champions

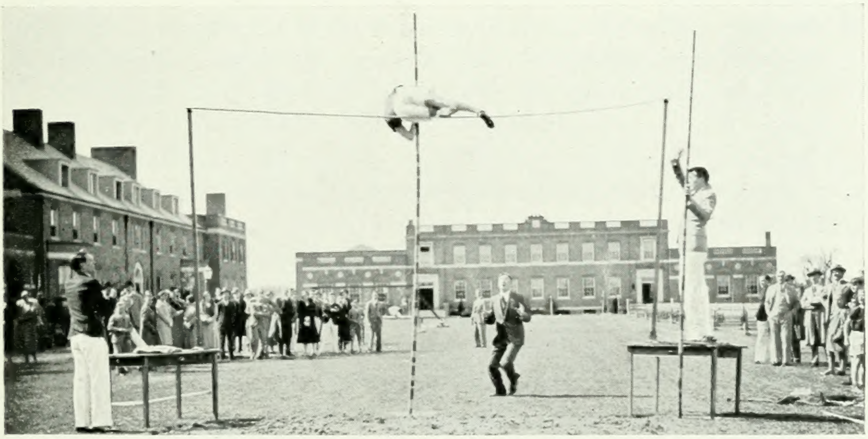
judges appeared at the track and drifted down towards the starting point. Then a bugler in scarlet tunic sounded the school call on his shining trumpet, and, presto, the opening event was about to commence. A few signals were given, the waving about of arms, *et cetera*, and the white tape spanned at the finishing point—then "Crack!" and the hundred-yard dashers were off at the sound of the pistol—Sports Day was opened and the races begun.

All through the afternoon's proceedings cameramen were kept busy snapping the hurdlers, pole vaulters, and enthusiastic spectators, such as the Chairman of our Board and the ex-Mayor of Aurora.

As the events drew to a close, Mrs. Dunlap came forward with the Headmaster to present the junior and senior championships, the senior awarded to Jim Smith, who is keeping up the family tradition, and the junior to young Harold Cox, who is upholding the Lower School; also the many other medals and Form cakes arrayed on a table draped with the Union Jack.

After the presentations tea was served in the Upper School dining-hall, which was decorated for the occasion with wild cherry blossoms and spring flowers. During the tea-hour the many guests wandered about on the lawn chatting with the boys and renewing old acquaintances, happy again to see Mrs. Macdonald so much better after a rather lengthy illness.

A few minutes before five many were attracted to the gymnasium where a small dance was held. The fellows, seemingly anxious to exercise their dancing limbs which had not been used since Easter, said a hurried good-bye to their parents and rushed the young ladies off to the sound of music which came floating through the door of Dunlap Hall.



MACKAY'S BUSINESS IS LOOKING UP

The national anthem just before six-thirty called a halt to a gala afternoon, the many feminine voices stilled their chatter, the Andreans stood rigidly at attention, and as the last notes died away, another Sports Day came to an end.

The following are the results:—

(PRELIMINARIES)

One mile run—(1) Hamilton II, (2) Robertson, (3) Cox I.

Half-mile run—(1) Smith I, (2) Hamilton II, (3) Cox I.

220 yards (Jr.)—(1) McColl, (2) Cox III, (3) Russell.

220 yards, under 17—(1) Westcott, (2) Paulin, (3) McDowell.

440 yards (1) Smith I, (2) Mackay, (3) Hamilton II.

Pole vault (Sr.)—(1) Mackay, (2) Paulin, (3) Young.

Pole vault (Jr.)—(1) Russell, (2) Armstrong II, (3) MacKerrow II.

Throwing the cricket ball (Sr.)—(1) Moffatt, (2) Walker, (3) Gow.

Throwing the cricket ball (Jr.)—(1) Drennan II, (2) Cox II, (3) Straith II.

Running high jump (Jr.)—(1) Cox III, (2) Holton.

Standing broad jump (Sr.)—(1) Smith I, (2) Chapman, (3) Detweiler.

Standing broad jump (Jr.)—(1) Barker, (2) Straith, (3) Harris.

Running broad jump (Sr.)—(1) Mackay, (2) Moffatt, (3) Smith I.

Running broad jump (Jr.)—(1) Cox III, (2) Harris, (3) Russell.

Putting the shot—(1) Thompson II, (2) Jennings II, (3) Evans.

SPORTS DAY EVENTS

100 yard dash, under 17—(1) Westcott, (2) Powell, (3) Paulin.

50 yard dash, preparatory—(1) Jarvis II, (2) Allespach I, (3) Gripton.

100 yard dash (Sr.)—(1) Smith I, (2) Thompson, (3) Moffatt.

100 yard dash, under 13—(1) Blair, (2) Jarvis I, (3) Thompson IV.

Hurdles, under 16—(1) Rowell, (2) Powell, (3) Russell.

Running high jump (Sr.)—(1) Mackay, (2) Smith I, (3) Moffatt.

100 yard dash, under 16—(1) Powell, (2) Rowell, (3) McDowell.

Lower School race, handicap—(1) Blair, (2) Cox III, (3) Straith.

100 yard dash, junior—(1) McColl, (2) Cox III, (3) McEachren.

Three-legged race, prep.—Heintzman and Allespach II, Martin and Gripton—tied.

Obstacle race—(1) Russell, (2) Finlay II, (3) Christie.

Three-legged race—(1) McColl and Russell, (2) Thompson I and Waller.

Sack race—(1) Russell, (2) McColl, (3) Harris.

Hurdle race (Jr.)—(1) McColl, (2) Russell, (3) Cox III.

Hurdle race (Sr.)—(1) Smith I, (2) Mackay.

Old Boys' race—(1) Smith, H.P.; (2) Armstrong, R.; (3) Findlay, K.

Consolation race (Jr.)—(1) McEachern, (2) Thompson III, (3) MacIntosh.

D. F. C.

The Cadet Corps

Due to the tireless efforts of Capt. C. A. B. Young, this year's Corps reached the usual high standard of training. This term being so full of other activities, the boys are to be congratulated for attaining the degree of perfection shown by the ranks on Inspection Day.

On Friday evening, May 20th, the Corps held its annual route march to Aurora. This was the first parade for a great many recruits, but it progressed smoothly until there was difficulty with the drums which refused to resound properly despite the perspiring efforts of the drummers.

Sunday, May 28th, found us in Toronto for the annual church parade of the Corps. This year we paraded to Bloor St. United Church. We formed up on the driveway of the Queen's Park residence of Sir Joseph Flavelle. Marching up Queen's Park, we turned left onto Bloor St. and proceeded to the church, where we listened to a very interesting sermon by Dr. Pidgeon. After church we formed up on Bloor St. opposite the church and Sir Joseph took the salute during the march past. Forming into column of fours with the band leading, the Corps marched east on Bloor to Huntley St. and dismissed at Huntley St. and Elm Ave.

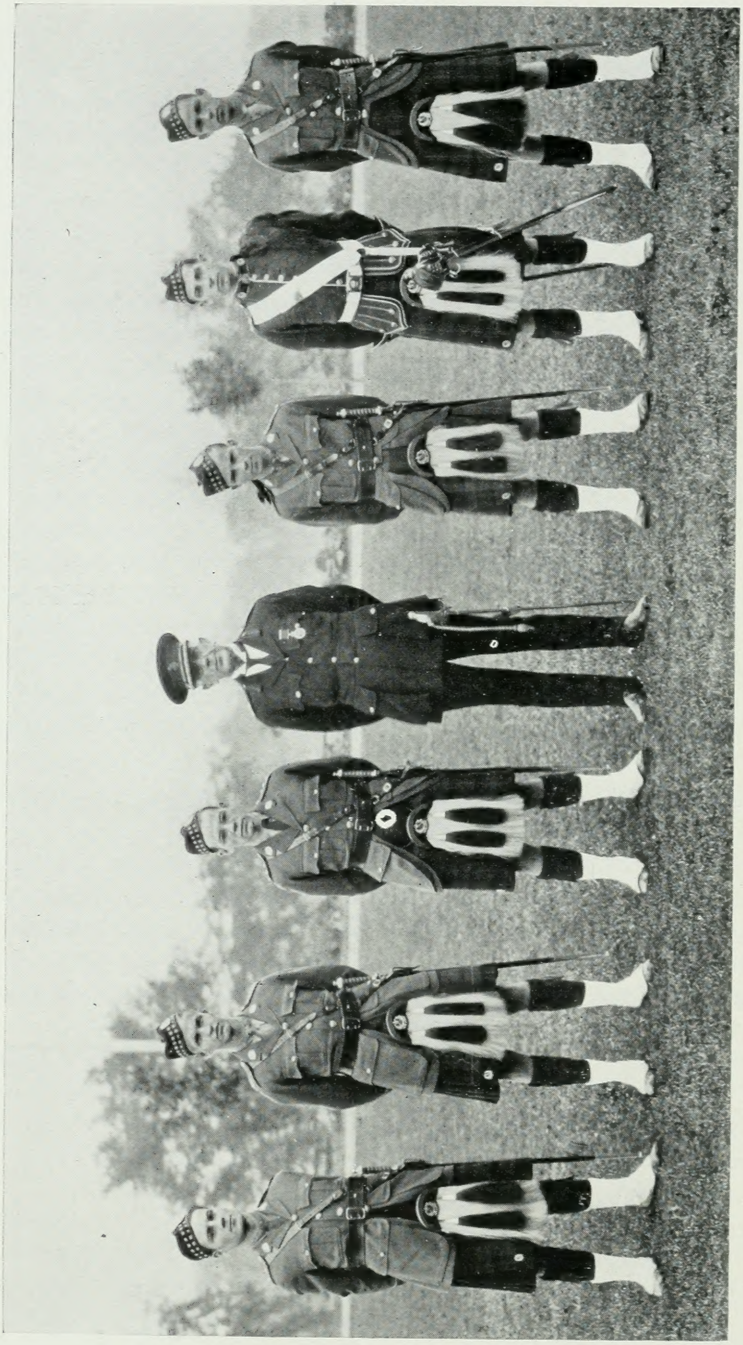
Thursday, June 2nd, Inspection Day turned out rainy and dismal. The Company fell in at 2.30 and after inspection by the officers proceeded to the playing fields to await the Inspecting Officer, Colonel McCrimmon. On his arrival the Corps and Band were inspected. The company then marched past and went through the ceremonial drill. At its conclusion Col. McCrimmon asked to see the company drill.

Company drill being completed, the platoons competed for the Ellsworth cup, presented annually to the best platoon, half of the marks being given by the Cadet Instructor for the year's work and half by the Inspecting Officer on parade. The competition was keen, as in previous years, but Platoon No. 3, under the command of Lieut. Armstrong I, came out ahead.

The Corps then took up a position on the Quad, where the Inspecting Officer pointed out our faults, also congratulating us on our year's work and commenting on the steadiness of the ranks. He said the Corps was not quite as good as last year, but he seemed well pleased with it on the whole.

Some of the cadets then assisted at the reception given in their home by Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald for many of the parents and guests, while the rest of the Corps enjoyed the Headmaster's treat at the Tuck Shop.

A closing paragraph of thanks is due, I think, to Capt. Young, who was latterly ably assisted by Mr. Armstrong, an Old Boy and graduate



The Cadet Corps Officers, 1932

of R.M.C., for the patient instruction he has given the Corps this year and our only regret is that we did not do even a little better on Inspection Day since only our best would have been sufficient reward for the hours he has devoted to our training.

R. T. C.

The Interscholastic Gymnasium Team

The second annual Interscholastic Gymnasium Team Championship was held on Thursday, March 31st, in the Hart House Gymnasium, University of Toronto. St. Andrew's was represented by Vowell, Macdonald I, Donnelly, Chapman and Elliott. Although nearly twenty teams were entered from all parts of Ontario, only fourteen actually contested, making a total of seventy contestants.

The competition began at ten o'clock and lasted till five in the afternoon, with an hour's interval at noon.

St. Andrew's could not duplicate their former performance and had to concede the cup to Sarnia Collegiate Institute who amassed a total of 1200 points to S.A.C's. 1129.

St. Andrew's, however, were in the money. Vowell tied for first place on the side horse, and received a silver medal. Macdonald won a silver medal for first place on the parallel bars.

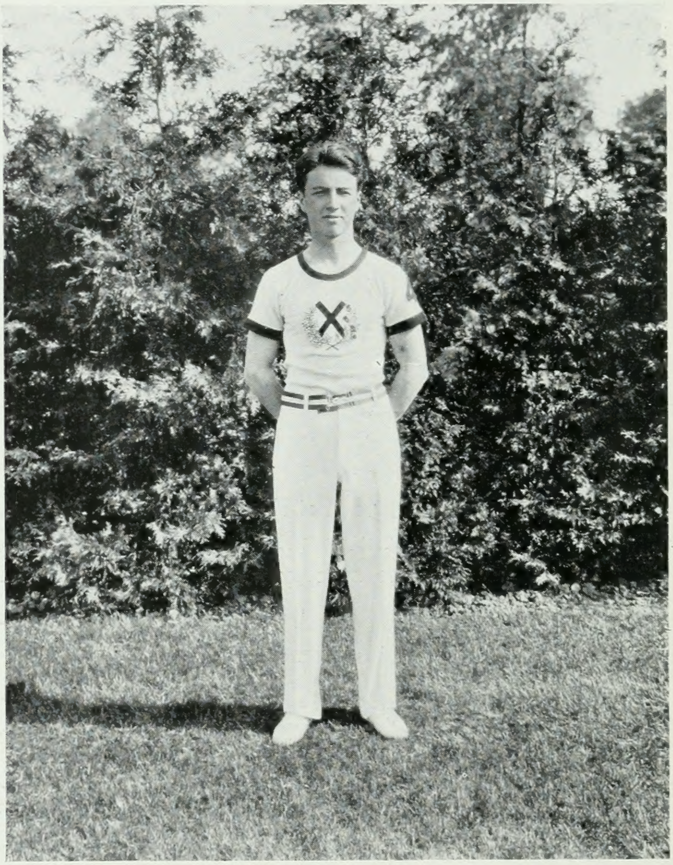
Vowell topped the list of the seventy competitors for all-round high score. Macdonald came 9th and Donnelly 14th. Elliott and Chapman were 20th and 30th respectively.

The Junior and Senior Ontario Gymnastic Championships

On Saturday, March 19th, contestants from all parts of the province came together to try for the Ontario Gymnastic Championships, Junior and Senior. The meet was held at the Central Y.M.C.A., Toronto, and was witnessed by a good crowd. Macdonald entered the Junior competition, even though the rules were such that boys two years older than he could participate. The contest was made up of four smaller competitions on the four pieces of apparatus: the high bar, horse, parallel bars, and mats. The gymnast with the highest total of points was the winner.

On the first piece of apparatus Macdonald did well, netting sixteen and a third out of twenty-five points and taking third place. However, as the high bar was one of his best pieces, we were not over-confident as to his ultimate victory.

Next came the horse. Macdonald again distinguished himself by getting an exact repetition of his former score, sixteen and one-third. On adding up the scores, we found that Macdonald, with thirty-two and two-thirds points, was tie for first place.



Ewan Stuart Macdonald I.
JUNIOR GYMNASTIC CHAMPION OF ONTARIO

This augured well, but the next event, the parallels, seemed to clinch matters. Macdonald again headed the list with a score of sixteen and two-thirds. He was now leading by three points on the total.

On the mats our brother Andrean disappointed us. Although his form was perfect, yet his exercises were not so advanced as those of his opponents. Tumbling is an art in itself. He secured but ten and one-third points whereas the others notched as high as fifteen.

Then came the announcement of the winners. Macdonald had taken first prize, having amassed fifty-nine and two-thirds points while Neale of Central Y.M.C.A., his nearest competitor, had collected fifty-seven. For the second time in two years an Andrean had won the championship.

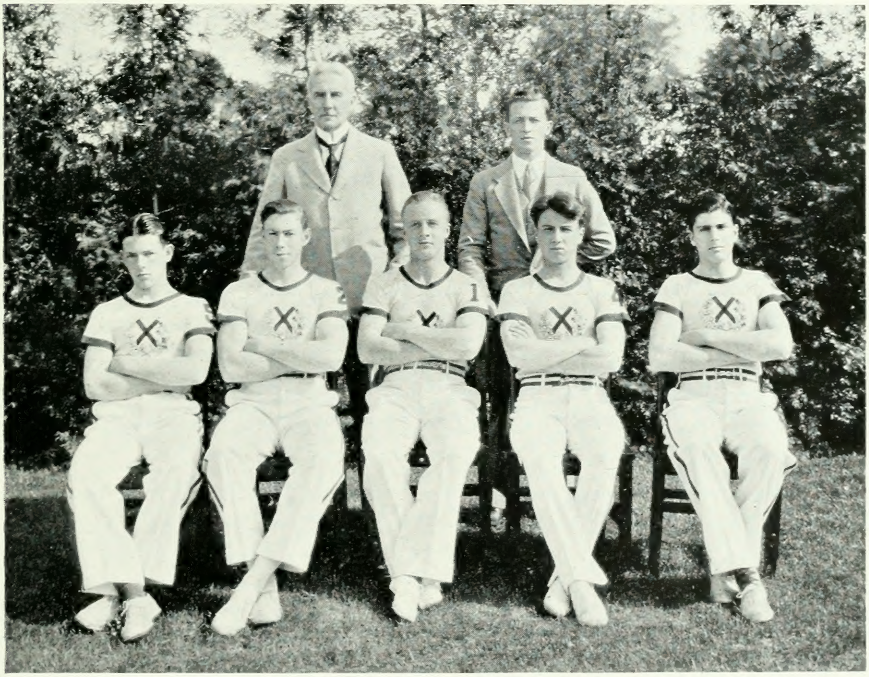
P. B. P.

The Gymnasium Team

The gym. team was rather handicapped this year owing to the lack of members. Only six made the team, whereas, in former years, eight or nine constituted a full team. Those, however, who turned out regularly and practiced consistently, developed into a real team of which we should be proud. It was composed of:

R. C. Vowell, Captain; E. S. Macdonald; T. G. Donnelly; W. R. Chapman; T. C. Elliott; and D. A. Cameron. There was no gym. display this year, as the team and various classes could not be whipped into shape in time.

Had it not been for Mr. M. G. Griffiths, the coach, who gave his undivided attention and time to the team for nearly five months, it would not have made such a fine name for itself. We thank you, Mr. Griffiths.



The Gymnasium Team

R. C. (Bob) Vowell, Captain—Five years on the team, and captain two of them is a record in itself. Besides winning last year's Junior Ontario Title and two of the Dominion apparatus championships, he has worked consistently for the team, and a very great part of the credit is due to him. Although too old for the Junior events this year, he headed the list of the Interscholastic gymnasts.

E. S. (Stewy) Macdonald—The only old colour this year, except the captain. He is a wonderful little gymnast, who with ability and form, came forth to win the Ontario Junior Title. He worked hard all season and deserves our congratulations. We hope he will be with us again next year.

T. G. (Grant) Donnelly—A new member to the team this year, who ranked among the best. He is a very apt gymnast and quick to learn. Is extremely good on the strong exercises. Should be a champ next year.

W. R. (Bill) Chapman—Another newcomer to the team, rather green to begin with, but developed a good style as the year progressed, and was in splendid shape at the competitions. A real asset to the team.

T. C. (Tom) Elliott—Should be congratulated on the way he learned, as it was his first year. Was a very apt pupil at all times. He pulled the team's average up in many tight places. Good work, Tom.

D. A. (Doug) Cameron—His work, as a freshman on the team, was very creditable, and up to the mark. We hope to hear more from him next year in this line. Keep it up, Doug.

The Barrie Athletic Meet

On Saturday, May the 28th, we sent a track and field team to the District No. 4 meeting at Barrie of the Ontario Athletic Commission's annual sports events. This is the first time a team has been sent from St. Andrew's, and our attempt was regarded more or less as an experiment. The results were very favourable, especially as there had been no very extensive training for the meet, and also because we were without the services of our senior champion and one or two others, who were playing cricket on that day.

St. Andrew's amassed a total of 44 points to come third in the team championship, being led by Pickering and Hanover High School, in that order. The results, as far as St. Andrew's was concerned, are as follows:

Junior High School—Pole Vault, Russell, 2nd place; 8lb. Shot Put, Holton, 3rd place; 440 yd. Relay, Cox III, Russell, Harris, McColl, 2nd place.

Intermediate High School—440 yds., Rowell, 2nd place; 120 yds. Hurdles, Paulin, 1st place, Smith II, 2nd place, Rowell, 3rd place; 12 lb. Shot Put, Jennings II, 2nd place; High Jump, Paulin, 3rd place; Pole vault Paulin, 2nd place; Half Mile Relay, Paulin, Smith II, Westcott, Powell, 2nd place.

Senior High School—220 yds., Thompson I, 3rd place; 120 yds. Hurdles Mackay, 1st place; Running Broad Jump, Mackay, 3rd place; Pole Vault, Mackay, 1st place; Mile Relay, Thompson I, Clement, Hamilton II, Mackay, 2nd place.

The victory in the intermediate hurdles was very striking. After two heats three St. Andrew's men were left for the final, and placed one, two, three. In the junior hurdles McColl tripped on the last hurdle when leading.

The showing of the three relay teams was indeed fine. This type of racing had never been tried at St. Andrew's before, and there really is quite a bit to it, for much time may be lost while passing the baton. The senior team especially ran a marvellous race, every man giving his utmost.

Paulin with a first, second, third, and a place on the relay team, and Mackay with two firsts, a third, and a place on the relay, were our leading scorers.

Next year it is to be hoped another team from St. Andrew's will compete, and we wish them even better fortune than this year's team. These track and field sports are worthy of much more attention than they have received at St. Andrew's of late. Next year a serious attempt should be made to develop a team capable of gaining the championship.

I. L. J.

Communion service was held in our chapel on Sunday evening, the first of May, the Reverend Mr. Elderidge of the Aurora Presbyterian Church officiating.

* * *

The regretted departure of their nurse, Miss Coker, for England was the occasion for the boys of Macdonald House to present her with a handsome fountain-pen on the 31st of May, as a token of their appreciation, regard, and good wishes for a *bon voyage*.

Musical Competition

On Thursday, May 26th, there was a piano competition in the Junior School between C. Martin, J. Gripton and H. Heintzman. Each one played *Bonnie Dundee, The Nightingale*, a technical exercise, and read a group of notes at sight.

Martin undoubtedly played *Bonnie Dundee* the best; his performance of it was accurate and musical, and showed that he had worked very hard at it. Gripton and Heintzman also played *Bonnie Dundee* most creditably.

Gripton gave the best performance of *The Nightingale;* Heintzman and Martin were very little behind him.

Martin's playing of the technical exercise was the best. It was impossible to decide who was superior at the note reading. All three were very correct and certain about it. Taking everything into consideration, Martin was undoubtedly the first, the other two almost tying for second.

I think it should be mentioned for Heintzman that he has been away almost five weeks of this term and has had an accident to his right hand making two of his fingers for the moment stiff.

Review Awards

The Editors of the St. Andrew's College Review have made the following awards in the contest for the 1932 Midsummer number:

Short Stories: 1st, Hethrington, 3; 2nd, Mackay, 2; 3rd, Thompson III., 1.

Articles: 1st, Hethrington, 3; 2nd, Webster II., 2; 3rd, Parker, 1.

Science: 1st, Thomson I., 3; 2nd, Robertson, 2; 3rd, Donovan 1.

Humour: 1st, Macdonald III., 3; 2nd, Vowell, 2; 3rd, no award.

Poetry: 1st, no award; 2nd, Macdonald III., 2; 3rd, no award.

Floating Unit: Cousins, 1.

One-act Plays: No award.

Athletics: Green II., Housser, Cousins: 1 point each.

Exchanges: 1st, Cattle, 2; 2nd, no award.

School News: 1st, Jennings II., 2; 2nd, Cousins, 1.

Old Boys' News: 1st, Parker, 2; 2nd, no award.

Drawings: 1st, Hethrington, 2; 2nd, no award.

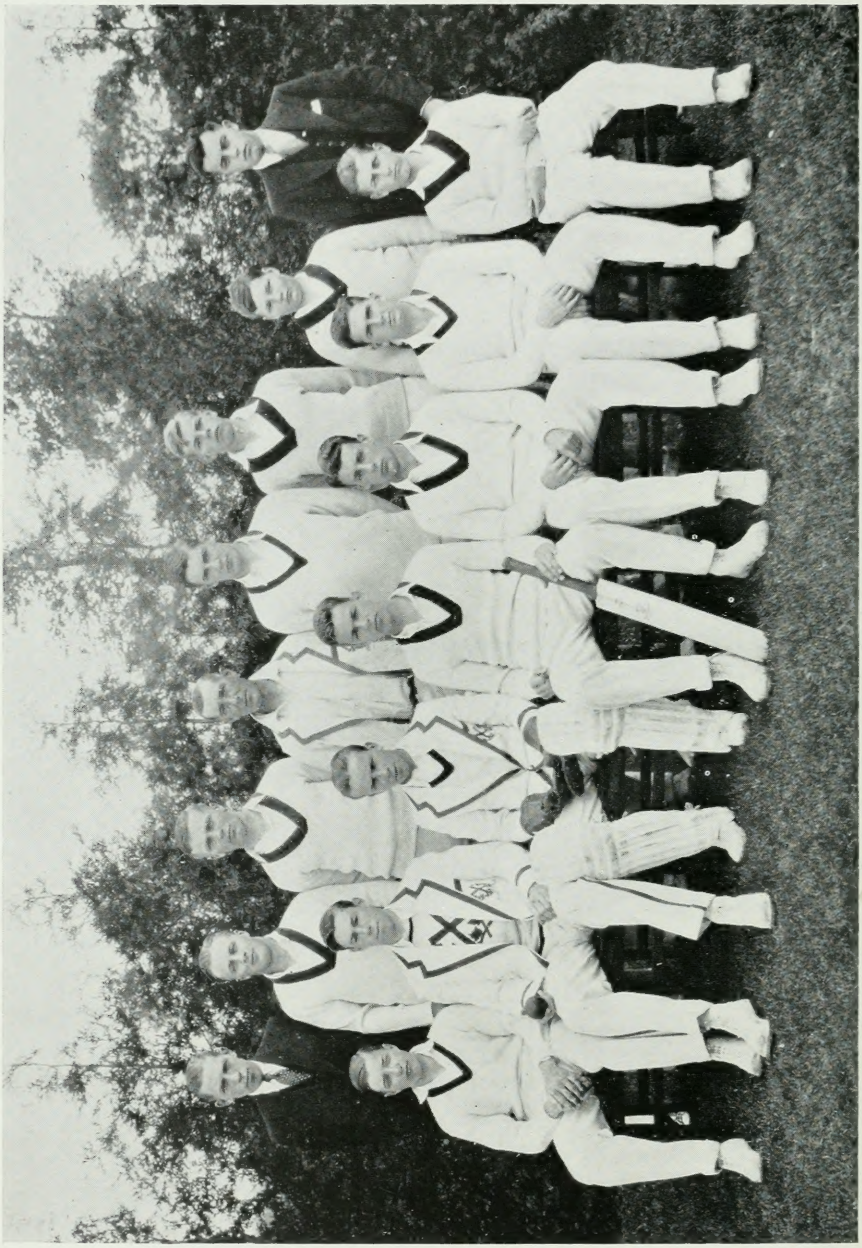
Jokes: 1st, Thomson III., 2; 2nd, Mackay, 1.

Snapshots: 1st, Barker, 2; 2nd, Macdonald III., 1.

LITERARY R'S TO CATTLE AND HETHRINGTON

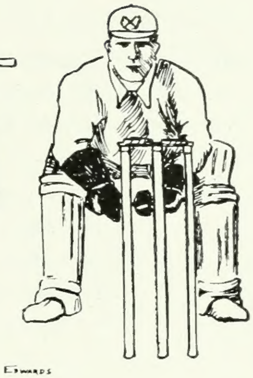
Following is the standing to date:

	Literary	General	Total
Adams I	1	0	1
Barker	0	2	2
Bimel	0	1	1
Cattle	17	4	21
Christie	0	2	2
Clement	0	1	1
Cousins	3	3	6
Detweiler	0	6	6
Donovan	3	0	3
Flemming	2	1	3
Graham II	1	0	1
Green II	1	1	1
Fee	1	0	1
Forbes	2	0	2
Hamilton I	2	0	2
Hetherington	21	6	27
Housser	2	1	3
Jennings I	0	2	2
Jennings II	7	2	9
McCausland	0	2	2
McColl	0	1	1
Macdonald I	6	5	11
Macdonald II	1	0	1
Macdonald III	5	3	8
Mackay	9	0	9
MacKerrow I	1	0	1
Metcalfe	5	0	5
Parker	7	7	14
Paulin	4	0	4
Plaunt	5	0	5
Pulling	3	0	3
Rea	1	0	1
Robertson	5	0	5
Shapley	0	3	3
Thomson I	4	8	12
Thompson III	4	2	6
Waller	2	0	2
Webster II	9	0	9
Vowell	3	0	3



THE FIRST CRICKET TEAM

CRICKET



The First Team

ST. ANDREW'S vs ROSEDALE C. C.

On Saturday, May 14, we played our first exhibition game against Rosedale C. C.

St. Andrew's went to bat first, Young taking the first stand, and making 18 runs before he was caught out by Hardy.

"Jock" Findlay who stayed in for 14 runs was our only other batter to make double figures.

For Rosedale, George McLean, an old boy, made 26 before he retired and W. C. Green added 32 to the score, being bowled by Armstrong. On account of the lack of time, Rosedale declared after scoring 100 runs for 4 wickets.

ST. ANDREW'S

Young, ct. Hardy	18
Smith I, b. Walker	0
Findlay I, ct. Hannam	14
Donnelly, ct. Brooksbank	6
Armstrong I, l.b.w.	1
Slingsby, b. Murray	7
Rea, b. Murray	0
Perrin, not out	3
Cox II, ct. Hannam	0
Vowell, ct. Hardy	2
Green II, b. Walker	0
Hamilton II, b. Murray	0
Extras	18
Total	69

ROSEDALE

Hardy, b. Armstrong	5
McLean, retired	26
Green, b. Armstrong	32
LeFroy, ct. Rea	17
Hoyle, not out	12
Hannam, not out	7
Morden, Brooksbank, Murray, Walker, Milliken, Forbes, did not bat.	
Total	100

J. H.

BELL TELEPHONE vs. S. A. C.

The annual cricket match with Bell Telephone was played on our grounds on Saturday, May 21st. It was a beautiful day and its crease was in good condition. Unfortunately, due to lack of time, the game was not finished, and ended in a draw. The bowling staff for Bell Telephone consisted of Carnie, Buckley, Tate, Johnson, and Ainsworth; while Armstrong, Donnelly, Smith, and Slingsby, bowled for S. A. C. Bell Telephone scored 102 runs for six wickets and S.A.C. 60 for two wickets. For Bell Telephone J. F. Buckley was high scorer with 26 runs, and for S. A. C. Findlay had 17 runs to his credit, not out.

The line-ups were as follows:

Bell Telephone—Carter, Ainsworth, Buckley, Carnie, MacNab, Tate, Johnson, Love, Swinglas, Brownlow, Greenwood.

S. A. C.—Armstrong, Findlay, Slingsby, Donnelly, Young, Perrin, Smith I, Bimel, Webster I, Vowell, Forbes, Moffatt.

KAPPA ALPHA vs. ST. ANDREW'S

On Tuesday, May 24, we played our second exhibition game against Kappa Alpha fraternity, whose team was composed of a number of former players on the S. A. C. eleven. This made the game all the more interesting, and the competition quite keen.

Our visitors batted first, Coy, their first man scoring 9 runs before being put out l.b.w. Robinson, and two other men on the fraternity team were the only ones to score double figures, finally bringing the total to 54 all out.

Armstrong and Findlay batted first for the College, and before being caught out by Rea, the latter made 47 runs, which was the record for the day. Young and Vowell both scored a useful 11 and 12 respectively, and finally when Moffatt, our last man, went into bat, Brown, for Kappa Alpha took his wickets for 4 runs. 27 byes brought our total to 142.

Kappa Alpha went in to try their luck at a second innings which was left unfinished.

D. F. C.

KAPPA ALPHA

1st innings.

O'Flynn, c. Young, b. Armstrong	0
Coy, l.b.w., b. Armstrong	9
Musgrave, b. Smith	3
Brown, b. Armstrong	5
Rea, F. T., b. Armstrong	0
Dinnick, c. Donnelly, b. Smith	0
Morden, b. Armstrong	10
Macdonald, c. Forbes, b. Smith	0
Robinson, b. Slingsby	12
Rea (S. A. C.), c. Young, b. Donnelly	10
Green II (S. A. C.), c. Smith, b. Slingsby	0
Cox II (S. A. C.),	2
Extras	3
Total	54

ST, ANDREW'S

Armstrong, l.b.w., b. Dinnick	3
Findlay, c. Rea, b. Rea	47
Slingsby, st. Morden, b. Brown	5
Donnelly, b. Dinnick	10
Young, c. Musgrave, b. Dinnick	11
Perrin, l.b.w., b. Dinnick	0
Smith I, l.b.w. Coy, b. Coy	11
Bimel, st. Morden, b. Coy	4
Webster I, c. Cox, b. Dinnick	8
Vowell, not out	12
Forbes, c. Coy, b. Rea	0
Moffatt, b. Brown	4
Extras	27
Total	142

Second innings was not completed.

S. A. C. AT TORONTO CRICKET CLUB

On Friday, May 27th, the team met T. C. C. on their own grounds at Armour Heights. Although the score indicated the game well in their favour, our team fielded very well. The day was unsuitable for cricket, being very cold and cloudy, and the match was played on matting which speeded up the bowling, and this, added to accurate deliveries, allowed us only 28 runs.

We succeeded in retiring them for 106, due to Armstrong's consistent bowling and the team's fielding. Cox II and Rea are to be congratulated on their splendid batting.

ST. ANDREW'S

Findlay, b. Carleton	5
Smith, c. Bell, b. Levy	0
Armstrong b. Carleton	0
Vowell, b. Carleton	0
Young, l.b.w., b. Levy	0
Slingsby, c. Wolfendon, b. Bell	0
Donnelly, c. Rea, b. Bell	2
Bimel, b. Rotheford	4
Rea, not out	6
Cox II, b. Levy	6
Webster, b. Loney	0
Moffatt, b. Loney	0
Total	23

T. C. C.

Wolfendon, run out, b. Armstrong	8
Rea, b. Donnelly	8
Bell, retired	30
Phipps, c. Rea, b. Donnelly	4
Millage, c. b. Armstrong	4
Loney, run out	19
Lives, c. Findlay, b. Armstrong	2
Dinnick, b. Armstrong	0
Levey, c. Findlay, b. Donnelly	6
Carleton, c. Slingsby, b. Donnelly	18
Rotheford, c. Vowell, b. Armstrong	9
Biggar, not out	1
Total	109

J. L. G.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL

Our first Little Big Four game was played on the school crease on June 4th against Trinity College School. The T. C. S. cricketers went to bat first and very shortly after lunch were out for 66 runs. It looked as if St. Andrew's had a fair chance to overtake this total, but unfortunately we were downed for 52. For St. Andrew's Vowell with 9 runs was high scorer, and for Trinity, Warder knocked up 24 and Lockwood 21. The bowling on both sides was quite good. Armstrong took six wickets for 18 runs and Donnelly 4 wickets for 32. Smith and Slingsby also bowled. Heurtley for T. C. S. took seven wickets for 13 runs and Rogers 2 for 19. Trinity was the better fielding team, rarely letting the ball get by.

The game was an exciting one near the finish. St. Andrew's, with the last two men in needed fourteen runs to win. A long shot from Vowell, unfortunately, was caught at deep-field, thus dashing the hopes of the Andreans.

A second innings was begun, but could not be finished. Lockwood for T. C. S. batted 51 runs not out.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL

Heighton b. Donnelly	0
Lockwood b. Armstrong	21
Warden c. Cox b. Armstrong	24
Vaughan III, b. Armstrong	1
Taylor c. Cox b. Armstrong	0
Hall b. Armstrong	0
Mickle c. Rea b. Donnelly	5
Cassells c. Cox b. Donnelly	0
Wigle II, not out	2
Rogers l.b.w. Donnelly	2
Byes	10
Total	66

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

Findlay l.b.w. Heurtley	7
Rea c. Heighington b. Rogers	1
Young c. Lockwood b. Heurtley	6
Slingsby c. Mickle b. Mickle	7
Cox III c. Hall b. Heurtley	2
Armstrong c. Mickle b. Heurtley	2
Donnelly c. Vaugham b. Heurtley	6

Smith I b. Heurtley	0
Vowell c. Lockwood b. Heurtley	9
Green II, not out	0
Total	52

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL

Second Innings.

Heighton c. Forbes b. Smith I	4
Lockwood, not out	51
Warden, not out	12
Total	68

ST. ANDREW'S vs. RIDLEY

Our second game was played at Ridley on June 8th. St. Andrew's went to bat first and knocked up 66 runs. When Ridley went to bat, we tried hard to cut them down, but when they scored 80 runs, we cracked up and they were able to defeat us by the largest score St. Andrew's has met for some years, 217 runs. For S. A. C. Donnelly was high scorer with 15 runs and Bimel next with 14. Armstrong bowled 4 wickets for 58 and Smith 4 wickets for 49 runs. Donnelly and Slingsby each took one wicket. For B. R. C. Powell took 3 wickets for 19 runs, Cameron 3 for 29 runs and Buck 2 for 5 runs. Hart and O'Flynn ran up 58 and 57 runs each respectively by steady batting.

J. G. S.

B. R. C.

Ripley, l.b.w. Donnelly	11
Owen, b. Armstrong	0
Clarke, c. Slingsby, b. Armstrong	29
McKinstry, c. Smith, b. Smith	32
Powell, c. Armstrong, b. Smith	0
Buck, b. Armstrong	3
Harper, b. Armstrong	3
Hart, b. Slingsby	58
O'Flynn, c. Findlay, b. Smith	57
Mitchell, not out	7
Cameron, b. Smith	1
Byes	16
Total	217

S. A. C.

Findlay, run out	0
Rea, c. O'Flynn, b. Powell	12
Young, c. Ripley, b. Cameron	0
Armstrong, b. Powell	0
Bimel, c. Hart, b. Cameron	14
Vowell, c. O'Flynn, b. Powell	5
Slingsby, c. Clarke, b. Clarke	6
Donnelly, b. Buck	15
Cox, c. Ripley, b. Buck	1
Green, stumped Cameron	0
Smith I, not out	1
Byes	12
Total	66

We regret that the account of the Upper Canada game must be left until the Fall number.

FIRST TEAM PERSONNEL

"George" Armstrong—George is captain this year; and though it is his first year, he is our best bowler, and one of the best batsmen on the team.

"Jim" Smith—This is Jim's first year on the team, but he had acquired the art of batting, and can be counted on to hold up his wicket.

"Lem" Young—Lem is one of our old colours. He was one of the high scorers last year, and is doing just as well this year. He also plays a very good game at wickets.

"Grant" Donnelly—Grant was also on the team last year. He is one of our hardest hitters, and a very effective "southpaw" bowler.

"Jock" Findlay—Jock is a "southpaw" who has developed into one of the best batters on the team. Nothing short of double figures for Jock.

"R. C." Vowell—This is Bob's first year, and apart from trying to play most of the bowling to leg, he is a good scorer.

"Hod" Slingsby—This is Hod's second year on the team. He is a very good bowler, and also bats well.

"Pete" Rea—"Pete" is one of the youngest members of the team this year, but he bats like a veteran and is a good fielder.

"Willie" Cox—"Willie Cox is another young member, who bats well. When he and "Pete" get in together, they take some getting out.

"Tom" Forbes—"Tom" is a very good fielder, and a sure catch, who can also hold his end up at bat.

"Lester" Green—Lester is another "southpaw" bowler, who is turning out to be a good batsman as well.

"Joe" Ackerman—"Joe" is manager of the first team. He deserves credit for the way he handles things, both for games, and everyday practices.

"Bud" Cox—Bud is assistant to "Joe". We hope that he will be here next year to fill Joe's position.

J. G. H.

The Second Team

S. A. C. II's vs. U. C. C. II's

For the opening game of the season, our second team met U. C. C. seconds at Upper Canada. For the first attempt our team showed much promise in spite of the strength of our ancient rivals. Armstrong I, Findlay I, and Slingsby batted and played exceptionally well. Slingsby and Findlay I, batted up 21 runs each.

Second Cricket Team

Our opposing team had three outstanding players, Wolfe, Allan, and Dickie, who each made well over 20 runs, consequently their well-earned victory.

U. C. C. II's—Gould, Dickie, Mills, Douglas, Wolfe, Allan, McCulloch, Carpenter, Gooderham, Ramsay, Croft.

S. A. C. II's—Armstrong I, Findlay I, Slingsby, Perrin, Vowell, Smith I, Green II, Graham I, Qua, Forbes, Webster I.

J. A. D.

S. A. C. II's vs. LAKEFIELD

On Wednesday, June 1st, we played the Grove on our grounds. They were easily beaten as we were an older and more experienced team. Young is to be credited for his excellent batting, knocking up 38 runs.

ST. ANDREW'S

Findlay, b. Harris	2
Rea, run out, b. Magill	2
Armstrong, c. Wright, b. Strickland	5
Cox II, b. Strickland	8
Young, c. Anderson, b. Atwood	38
Donnelly, c. Harris, b. Strickland	0
Slingsby, l.b.w., b. Atwood	8
Vowell, b. Atwood	1
Forbes, c. Disney, b. Magill	5
Green, not out	7
Webster, b. Strickland	1
Total	77

LAKEFIELD

Atwood, b. Armstrong	0
Magill, b. Donnelly	14
Strickland, c. Young, b. Donnelly	0
Harris, c. Rea, b. Armstrong	3
McRea, c. Findlay, b. Donnelly	0
Wright, c. Donnelly, b. Armstrong	4
Fletcher, b. Donnelly	1
Disney, b. Donnelly	1
Carson, not out	0
Anderson, b. Armstrong	0
Bagg, c. Webster, b. Donnelly	0
Total	23

J. L. G.

The Third Team

S. A. C. vs U. C. C.

On Wednesday, May 4th, our Third team journeyed to Toronto for the annual game with Upper Canada. Since they were fortunate enough to have ideal weather, the match was very enjoyable, and resulted in a victory for us by 12 runs. Rea with 21 runs and Housser with 8 wickets for 9 runs, were outstanding for us, while Youngman and Griffiths were Upper Canada's best.

Third Cricket Team

S. A. C. vs LAKEFIELD

This year the Third's revived the cricket series with Lakefield and on May 11th, played the first match on their grounds. The team made an excellent showing, and won quite handily when they dismissed their opponents for a total of 19 runs. Green II, contributed a useful 17 runs and Vowell took 5 wickets for 11 runs.

S. A. C. vs. U. C. C. (Return game.)

The Third Cricket Eleven were the hosts to Upper Canada's Thirds, on May 25th. The match started in a downpour, but the sky cleared up after a short while and the game was resumed. U. C. C. were the victors by the close score of 6 runs in the first innings, while the second one was not finished.

The following received colours: Donovan (Capt.), Graham II, Adams I, Cousins, Drennan I, Hare, Powell, Bloom, Kilgour, Pipe, Smith II, Teare.

J. H. H.

Lower School Team

The most pleasing characteristic of the Lower School cricket this term has been the keenness shown by every boy in the House—whether he has had any chance for the Junior XI or not.

Those ineligible due to advancing years and those too young to expect to represent the team have all played the game whole-heartedly.

Two members of the House have played regularly for the School XI.

Lower School Cricket Eleven

The two regular Junior XI matches with T. C. S. were lost. We do not wish to make excuses for this, but, in fairness to the team, it should be mentioned that in the first match we were without Pentland—our best bowler, and in the return game another of our best players, was far from well. However, it is not our intention to "cry over spilt milk," but to look forward to avenging our defeats next year.

Finlay has done excellent work as manager and scorer.

On May 4th, the two cricket 11's from Macdonald House, under the captaincy of Mr. Tudball and Captain Young, took to the field on the first team cricket pitch. Mr. Tudball led his men to the field first and prepared to put his opponents all out for 10 or 12 runs, but the manager of the Captain's team went to bat as fourth man with only 20 runs behind him, and not until he had scored 47 runs did he come out. Brown then added 14 more, the total score being 107 before the last wicket fell.

Mr. Tudball's men came to bat with but two hours left to play. Captain Young's bowling and his team's fielding was too much for their opponents, and the last wicket fell when Mr. Tudball made a gallant swipe on his second ball, landing it right into the safe hands of Mitchell, the score being 31.

J. B. McC.

On June 3rd, a very interesting match was played between Crescent School and an XI of the more junior members of the Lower School.

We enjoyed the advantage of playing at home and this undoubtedly helped us to win the game.

For many on both sides the match was something of an ordeal. The writer can vividly remember his own first experience "of batting out in the middle" before spectators. I think he failed to score! The hundreds of innings—good or bad—played since, pale into insignificance compared with the "first time," and the self-confidence gained by many during this game will prove of tremendous value.

JUNIOR XI vs. T. C. S.

This game was played at St. Andrew's on May 31st and lost by the small margin of 15 runs. T. C. S. won the toss and batted first. They possessed an unusually large proportion of left-handed batsmen and they took their customy left-hander's toll of any ball on the leg-side, of which too many were given them. McColl was not so accurate as usual and although he took 5 wickets, he was rather expensive. T. C. S. were finally dismissed for 102 — some 30 more than they really deserved, as four or five chances were not accepted. McColl and MacKerrow II, started confidently; and after McColl had left, Thompson III, and MacKerrow scored well and 50 was on the board before Thompson was bowled. Then came something of a collapse and in spite of some spirited hitting by Armstrong II, and MacIntosh, we were all out for 87. We have no excuses to offer as the T. C. S. attack was very weak and we got ourselves out.

RETURN GAME

On June 6th, we journeyed to Port Hope to play our return game with T. C. S. Our attack had been considerably stiffened, since our narrow defeat, by the return of Pentland.

We batted first and were all dismissed for a paltry 21 runs. The T. C. S. bowling was weak (as we knew from our previous experience of it) and no excuse can be made for our poor batting. Most of the team got out by hitting the tamest of long-hops straight and gently into a fieldman's hands. After this display we could hardly hope to win, but T. C. S. made only 57—thanks to Pentland who took 7 wickets.

We made a little better showing in our second innings, as some of our batsmen discovered that it was advisable to hit tame, long hops hard, and between or over the heads of the fielders.

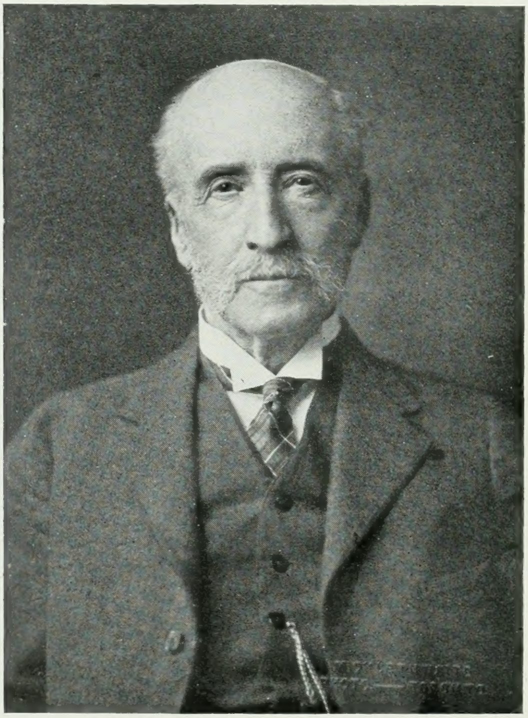
We collected 57—of which Rowan made 20 odd—thus setting T. C. S. 22 runs to get. They did this for the loss of 1 wicket. The result was disappointing as Pentland did what he was expected to do in the bowling line, and our failure to win was entirely due to our stupid batting in our first innings.

CRICKET PROSPECTS

OLD BOYS' NEWS

We regret to have to record the death on May 3rd, 1932, of Robert Mills, for many years Bursar of the College.

The late Mr. Mills was born in Toronto in 1845. As a boy he attended Upper Canada College, and on leaving school entered business. Twenty-six years ago he was appointed Bursar of St. Andrew's College, the duties of which position he discharged with singular fidelity. In 1918, in order to lessen his duties and responsibilities, he became Assstant Bursar, which position he occupied until 1930, when he retired.



Robert Mills

"Daddy" Mills, as he was affectionately called, was in such close touch with so many generations of Andreans that his passing, even at the ripe age of 87 years, will bring regret to many of those who knew him in old school days.

The quality of his quarter of a century of service in a responsible position well earned for him the enconium, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

'02. H. K. Patterson has been appointed Manager of the New York Stock Exchange House of Hemphill, Noyes & Co.

'03. Harry B. Housser, who has been representing the Old Boys of St. Andrew's College on the Board of Governors of the School, has been transferred to the regular list.

'09. Many Old Boys of 1900 to 1910 will learn with great regret of the loss which Kenneth Strother has sustained in the death of his wife on May 12th, 1932. THE REVIEW voices the feelings of many Old Andreans in extending sympathy to Strother.

'11. After a good many years word has been received from Roy A. Jardine, who is at present fruit farming in Oliver, British Columbia, at which place he is Secretary of the Board of Trade.

'12. Thomas H. Foster paid a short visit to the school recently. He is now with the Thos. H. Foster & Co., Ltd., Vancouver, B.C.

'12. D. Brainard Carlyle has been appointed General Sales Manager of the Stewart-Warner Radio, Electric Refrigeration and Motion Picture Divisions. He is one of the best known Radio executives in Canada. For the past ten years he has been associated with the Williams Piano Co.

'12. Major Donald A. Grant of the Royal Canadian Dragoons is now stationed at the Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

'13. Graham A. Towers of the Royal Bank of Canada, Montreal, has been appointed a member of the Board of Governors of St. Andrew's College.

'16. The Rev. C. Gray Eakins, who has been connected with Ridley College for the past few years, has now been appointed to Holy Trinity Church, Welland, Ont.

'21. Kenneth Duncan MacLachlan, who for some years has been in Hollywood, with the Paramount Pictures, under the name of "Kenneth Duncan" is now living in Toronto. He visited the school recently.

'22. Jack E. Howell, who has been in Mexico City for the past four years, is now going to Roumania for the International Telegraph and Telephone Company to supervize the installation of the automatic telephone.

'23. In a golf tournament of 200 advertising men from Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, etc., Jack Cameron won the Campbell-Ewald Trophy at the Summit Golf Club, having a low gross of 73.

'24. "Unk" Dyment is now in London, Ont., with the Hyatt Jumbo Roofing Co. He called at the school a short time ago.

'26. "Bill" Kirkland and Jack Walmsley called at the school a week or so ago.

'28. The Karl Merrill Robinson Memorial Prize for general improvement in the second term as compared with the first term of the Freshman year ($50) was awarded to Harold Stanfield at Acadia University Convocation on the 25th of May.

As we go to press, it has been learned that Gordon G. Rolph has been appointed President of the Old Boys' Association; and John L. Brown, '27, is Secretary.

'29. Horace H. Ross has won the Ontario Senior Championship in Fencing.

"It appears that R. S. Grant, the old St. Andrew's College boy, and also a member of the Toronto Cricket Club, is making good at Cambridge, as he recently appeared for the University against Kent.

"Writing in the May 14th issue of "The Cricketer," Cantab says: 'Grant's game certainly seems to be to hit the ball very hard, and he was not afraid to go out in an attempt to do so. He also proved to be a useful change bowler.'

"Grant has already obtained his blue at soccer, and Toronto cricketers are wishing him the double."

Reprinted from Toronto *Mail and Empire.*

'30. Gerald Burch is going to the Diocese of Saskatchewan with the "Fellowship of the West" for the summer months.

MARRIAGES

'24. MacAlpine—Reid—On February 13th, 1932, Athol E. MacAlpine married to Miss Marion Reid.

'24. Brunt—Mearns—On Thursday, March 31st, by Rev. Stuart Parker, Katherine White, daughter of Mrs. Mearns and the late Dr. N. A. Mearns, Hanover, to Henry Berry Brunt, son of Mrs. Brunt and the late Mr. R. Brunt, Hanover.

'24. Lovering—Clarke—On Thursday, June 2nd, 1932, William L. Lovering married to Miss Hildred Douglass Clarke of Montreal.

'27. Marshall—Beaton—On June 16th, 1932, David Hanna Marshall married to Miss Margaret McNiven Beaton of Toronto.

BIRTHS

'09. Wilkes—To Mr. and Mrs. F. Hilton Wilkes, April 13th, 1932, the birth of a son.

'09. Strother—At the Royal Victoria Hospital, Barrie, on May 5th, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Strother, 67 Peel Street, a daughter.

'10. James—At Private Patients' Pavilion, on 12th April, to Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred C. James, a son (George Crossen).

'14. Rolph—At St. Catherines, on May 25, to Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Rolph, a son.

'17. Kerr—At Private Patients' Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, on March 26th, to Dr. and Mrs. William J. Kerr, 62 Beaufort Road, a son.

'19. McMurtry—At Private Patients' Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, on Tuesday, May 31st, to Mr. and Mrs. Roy McMurty, a son.

'20. Calvert—On May 2nd, 1932, at Private Patients' Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Calvert (nee Mildred E. Weir), 24 Duncannon Drive, Forest Hill Village, a son.

'21. Proudfoot—At Windsor, Ont., on April 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas F. Proudfoot, a son (Douglas Hannay).

'26. Kirkland—To Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Kirkland, in April, 1932, the birth of a daughter.

Exchanges

Sometimes I wonder if anyone ever reads these editorials, and if they do, whether or not they consider them superfluous.

Contemplating the things which I have said in this page during the year, I have become conscious of this dismal sensation which perhaps has been shared at one time or another by my fellow exchange editors.

From my experience, I can visualize my contemporaries looking eagerly to see if their magazine has been mentioned in this department, ignoring, however, the little treatise that I have penned for their special benefit.

My assumption may be quite untrue, and it is very probable that there are editors more conscientious than myself, and these will be justly annoyed at the slur I have unintentionally cast upon them.

Perhaps I am hoping for too much when I foster the realization among my sparse public, that I may, at any time, give vent to my feelings, and thereby aid somewhat in promoting a morbid interest in what must of necessity, because of the limited scope, be a very uninspiring work.

To those who for want of something better to occupy their attention, have decided to look this over, I extend on behalf of the staff, heartiest wishes for the continued success of their respective publications, and particularly to those new friends which we have made during the year past, and whom we sincerely hope to see again next year.

I wish also to thank personally those who have taken upon themselves the helpful and much appreciated task of offering criticism, and those who by virtue of their position have read this article faithfully.

"Labor omnia vincit."

T. E. HETHRINGTON.

St. Mary's College Review—St. Mary's College, Brockville, Ont. Unfortunate is the critic assigned your Jubilee number, for it would take a better man than I can profess to be to detect its flaws. It is one of the few magazines for whose contents I have only praise. Your arrangement shows off to advantage the very promising talent on your pages. Your short-story authors should in time delight a great many readers if they continue to show the aptitude revealed in "The Man Who Killed Himself," "Almost." and "The Mystery of the Silver Arm Inn." Poems such as "Calvary" and "Kismet" give us glimpses of something more than the usual college man's verse—there is a touch of greatness in them. Your reviews of the pets, a truly difficult task for anyone, are done charmingly and with an understanding not given to many. I have not the space to give the really comprehensive praise due your magazine, but I wish you well, and may your future numbers continue in the work of the last.

The Northern Star—St. Joseph's Academy, North Bay, Ont. The content is quite good, but I should suggest more careful arrangement in order to give each bit more prominence. Your magazine shows a tendency to run your contents together. Your various foreign language departments are a pleasing departure from the usual school magazine. Your practice of "hiding" the jokes, scattering them through the advertising matter, could be improved upon. You have made a good start and we wish you success in future numbers.

The Tech Flash—Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Once again your well-known magazine finds its way to our exchange editor's desk. This being your Graduation Number, most of your space has been devoted very properly to your graduates and so the literary content was not as large as usual, but what there was made good reading.

The Grove Chronicle—Lakefield Preparatory School, Lakefield, Ont. A very excellent little magazine. Would advise snapshots to brighten your pages a bit and a few more jokes. An Exchange Department is for criticism and is not meant to be a mere list of titles. A writer such as the author of "Not So Quiet on the Far Eastern Front" is to be congratulated.

The Lower Canada College Magazine—Lower Canada College, Montreal, Que. Your School, Athletic, and Form notes are well gotten up, but you seem to have left very little space for literary work. On reading your Editorial, I found out why but that is only a good excuse for the Staff to put in some extra work. We often have the same trouble. I was very pleased with the ballad called the "Banshee of the Fen." It showed originality, and a certain quaint style made it excellent reading.

The Harrovian—Harrow School, Harrow, England. I have selected your magazine from among several contributions of English schools. It seems to me that you might do more than make your magazine just a cut and dried School News Report. I am sure that you have boys whose literary abilities if put into print would give your Old Boys and outsiders an added interest in the *Harrovian.*

St. Peter's College Magazine—St. Peter's College, Adelaide, Australia. Would suggest a bigger and better literary department containing more serious works. The piece entitled "Julius Caesar — Up To Date" is rather clever comedy.

Junior Journal—Princeton Country Day School, Princeton, New Jersey. Yours, I think, is the only exchange we have from the United States and will always be a welcome visitor. We and, I am sure, your other exchanges would appreciate comment and criticism by your editors. Why not try it? Your magazine would make a better impression if you did not mix the different sections. A little humour and a snapshot or two would also be a great improvement.

We also acknowledge with thanks the following:

Black and Gold—St. John's College School, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Trinity College School Record—Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.

Acta Ridleiana—Bishop Ridley College, St. Catherines, Ont.

The Mitre—Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que.

Managra—Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Acadia Athenaeum—Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.

Northland Echo—North Bay Collegiate Institute, North Bay, Ont.

The Argosy Weekly—Mount Allison University, Sackville, New Brunswick.

The Trinity University Review—Trinity College, Toronto, Ont.

The University of Toronto Monthly—University of Toronto, Toronto, Ont.

The Limit—Loughbrough College, Loughborough, England.

The Eagle—Bedford Modern School, Bedford, England.

The Wulfrunian—Wolverhampton School, Wolverhampton, England.

The School Magazine—Uppingham School, Uppingham, England.

The Tollingtonian—Tollington School, Tollington, England.

The Wreckinian—Wrekin College, Wellington, England.

As Others See Us

Among the best of our exchanges, you evidently typify a very fine school spirit. Your photographs of school life and your essays are making it a worth-while school magazine. —*The Northern Star.*

The literary section of the Review contains some very interesting and well written articles. We wish especially to congratulate the writer of "Lesser Known London." —*Tech Flash.*

Your articles are certainly the most important feature in your book, particularly worth while. —*Acta Collegii.*

". . . LAUGHTER LEARNT OF FRIENDS"

Rupert Brooke.

NOTE: This section, which saw the light in our last issue, was so well received that we have decided to give it a permanent place in the magazine.—*Ed.*

A flapper walking through the zoo in early Spring, was surprised to note that the monkey cages were empty. Seeing an attendant nearby she inquired concerning this unusual occurrence.

"Well, ma'm," replied the attendant, "you see it's mating season and the pairs retire to their coops in the rear for several days."

"But won't they come out for a peanut?" inquired the flapper.

"Darned if I know, ma'am," said the attendant. "Would you?"

—*Tech Flash.* (Nova Scotia Tech.)

* * *

"I asked her if I could see her home."

"Well, what did she say?"

"She said she'd send me a picture of it."

—*Acadia Athenaeum.* (Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.)

* * *

Noah was so opposed to gambling that he sat on the deck all day.

—*Managra.* (Manitoba Agricultural College).

* * *

"Really, Bill, your argument with your wife last night was most amusing."

"Wasn't it though? And when she threw the axe at me I thought I'd split." —*Lower Canada College Magazine.*

"A kindergarten teacher smiled pleasantly at the gentleman sitting opposite on the street car. He did not respond. Realizing her error, she said aloud, "Oh, please excuse me. I mistook you for the father of two of my children." She got out at the next corner. —*Id.*

* * *

Housewife: "If you love work as you say, why don't you find it?"
Tramp (sadly): "Alas, madam, love is blind."
—*Lower Canada College Magazine.*

* * *

The Scotchman said he loved blondes because of the lighter overhead.

If your car rattles, try a tour through bonnie Scotland. You will be surprised how everything will tighten up. —*The Grove Chronicle.*

* * *

"Jack has a new siren for his car."
"What happened to the blonde?" —*Acadia Athenaeum.*

* * *

"I hate dumb women."
"Aha—a woman hater."

* * *

What is a gusher in an oil field?"
"The man who writes the company Prospectus."

* * *

"Whither away?"
"Oh, dry up yourself!"

MIRTHQUAKES

Metcalfe: (at Royal Alec) I want a ticket.
Attendant: Reserved?
Bev: No-o, not very.

* * *

We would like to know who was the girl Cousins "fell" for at the Sports Day dance.

* * *

Miss Sterling: Have you any good pork?
Butcher: Good pork! Say, I've got some pork that will make better chicken salad than any lamb you can buy.

* * *

Forbes says he is going into the Ford business because he heard it was such a good racket.

* * *

Mr. Laidlaw: "Did you put my cooking outfit in the bag? I'll want to fry some fish for lunch."

Mr. Griffiths: "Oh yes, and you'll find a tin of sardines, too."

* * *

BONERS

The Athenians were fond of throwing the biscuits and the java.
The Bastille is a kind of soap.
Blanc mange is the highest mountain in Europe.
At Roman banquets the guests wore garlics on their heads.
An iceberg is a sort of permanent wave.
Herrings are fish which travel in shawls in the sea.
Gender is the name of the male goose.
Hippopotamus is the longest side of a right-angled triangle.

* * *

Hamilton I: "I suppose that your home town is one of those places where everyone goes down to meet the train?"

McIver: "What train?"

Mr. Laidlaw: "What's a Grecian urn?"
Hare: "About a dollar a week if he drives a fruit wagon."

* * *

Mr. Tudball: "Don't scratch your head, my boy!"
Holton: "Why, sir?"
Mr. Tudball: "Live, and let live."

* * *

Westcott: "What part of a cow do the chops come from?"
McIntyre: "Don't you know?"
Westcott: "Do you?"
McIntyre: "Haven't you ever heard of a cow licking its chops?"

* * *

Young: "Why does Ackerman always walk sideways?"

Webster I: "It's vanity, A photographer once told him he had a handsome profile."

* * *

Lillico: "I wasn't going forty miles an hour, nor thirty, nor even twenty."

Judge: "Here, steady now, or you'll be backing into something."

* * *

Mr. Findlay: "Is there any connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms?"

Perrin: "Yes, sir, hash!"

* * *

There was a Scotchman who would let his son have only one measle at a time.

* * *

Mother: "Why do you think my rolling-pin isn't much good?"

Johnny (an enthusiastic reader of the comics): "Because it doesn't say 'pow' when I hit baby over the head with it."

SUMMER OCCUPATIONS

Ackerman	*Artist's Model*
Vibert	*Balloon Tire Salesman*
McIntyre	*Gentleman Farmer*
Detweiler	*Private Tutor*
Hethrington	*Bootblack*
Lillico	*Speed Cop*
Mr. Flemming	*Partridge Hunting*
Mr. Crookshank	*Floorwalker*
McIver	*Cigar Store Indian*

Qua: "They say that stupidity can be inherited."
Graham I: "That's no way to talk about your parents."

* * *

Janitor: "Have you seen any rats around here?"
Night Watchman: "Gnaw!"

* * *

Webster I: "What day is to-day?"
Ponsford: "Wednesday."
Webster: "Good night, I'm late!"

* * *

And then there's the one about the Scotchman who on finding a couple of cough drops, promptly went over and sat in a draught.

* * *

Jennings I: "Give me a sentence using the word 'bewitches'."
Ellis I: "Go ahead, fellows, I'll bewitches in a minute."

* * *

Bloom: "Why is an empty purse always the same?"
Thompson II: "Because you can't see any change in it."

* * *

My darling boy, how can I believe it!" feebly muttered the little grey-haired mother, her cheeks moist with tears. "Your dear old father would turn in his grave if he knew the disgrace you have brought me; and to think how I have laboured and suffered for you—even let you have a latchkey—and in return—!"

"But, Mother," whined the forlorn looking youth, "they didn't tell me they were playing marbles for keeps."

* * *

"Daughter," said the father sternly, "I don't like that young man you go around with."

"Yeah?" retorted the daughter. "Well, don't worry, you're simply poison to him."

* * *

Undertaker: "Depression? I'll say so! Why, I haven't buried a living soul for a month!"

* * *

Capt. Evans (relating one of his African adventures): "I was in the middle of the jungle when suddenly I saw a tribe of savages charging down on me—"

Blair: "Oh boy, what did you do then?"

Capt. Evans: "I stared at them until I was black in the face, and they took me for one of their own tribe."

McIntyre: "I had to kill my pet rooster."

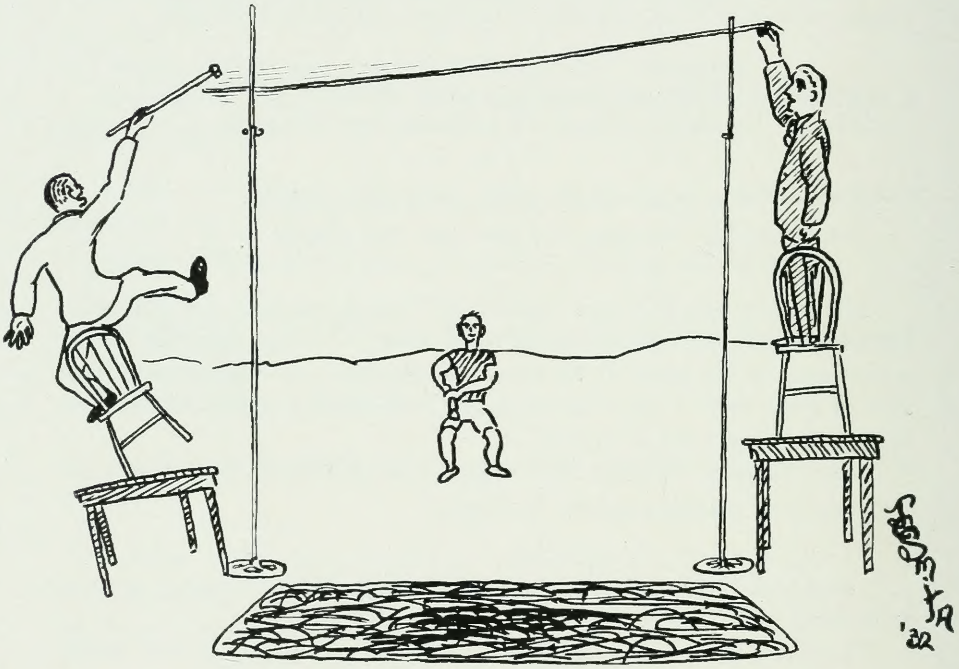
Westcott: "Why?"

McIntyre: "Well, a preacher was coming for dinner at our house the other night and I thought it was best for the rooster to go into the ministry because he wasn't a good layman anyway."

* * *

Evans: "What's this fellow Hare like?"

Moffatt: "Oh, he's the sort of person who would walk into the house of a dead person eating an apple, spit out the seeds and say, "Howdy, folks, where's the body?"



A Put-up Job

LOWER SCHOOL SKITS

McColl didn't think he'd enjoy his trip to Bermuda; he knew that something was just bound to come up to spoil it.

* * *

Kilgour says that when there is good food on our tables, it always has a far-reaching effect.

Driver to would-be hitch-hiker: Would you let a stranger give you a lift?

Adams I: No, my friend.

* * *

Miss DeVigne: How long have you been wearing this underwear?

Marlatt: Oh, right down to my knees.

* * *

McDowell thinks Jones wears that grave expression because he's dead from the neck up.

* * *

Mr. Dowden: That motorcycle cop just drove by and deliberately splashed mud all over us.

Aurora Policeman: Sure, don't mind him. He's always pulling a fast one.

* * *

No one noticed that MacAskill hadn't washed behind his ear until a master caught on to it.

* * *

Farmer: You can't hunt groundhogs on my property.

Finlay II: Oh, I'm just out for a lark.

* * *

First parent: Did Bill do any running at St. Andrew's?

Second Ditto: Yes, he certainly ran through my money.

* * *

Pentland: You look as if you'd been through a famine.

Heintzman: And you look as if you'd caused the famine.

* * *

Mr. Hatfield (in History class): "And when Lord Chesterfield saw that death was near, he gathered all his friends around him. But before he breathed his last, he uttered those final immortal words—Who can tell me what the dying words of Lord Chesterfield were?"

Class (in chorus): "They satisfy!"

* * *

Jones: "I'm an electrician. The other night at Ruth's the fuse blew out and I fixed it."

Mitchell: "Huh! You're no electrician. You're an idiot!"

* * *

Maid: "Want any soup?"

Barker: "Is it good soup?"

Maid: "Sure, fourteen carrot."

Holton: "Why don't you put your feet where they belong?"

Brown: "If I did you wouldn't be able to sit down for a month."

* * *

Harris: "Tell him all you know, it won't take very long."

Finlay II: "I'll tell him all we both know—it won't take any longer."

* * *

Heintzman: "Is there hair tonic in this bottle Miss DeVigne?"

Miss DeVigne: "No, that's glue."

Heintzman: "Is that why I can't get my hat off?"

* * *

Rowan: "Why do you paint the inside of your chicken coop?"

Farmer: "To keep hens from picking the grain out."

* * *

Laundress to Mr. Hatfield: "Please don't write your poems on your cuffs, sir—my husband is getting jealous."

* * *

McColl: "My, but it 's hot in your class-room, sir!"

Captain Young: "It ought to be, I make my bread here."

* * *

Kilgour (showing friend her photograph): "Awful, isn't it?"

Cox III: "It's splendid likeness, though."

* * *

Mr. Dowden: "They say she has decided to marry a struggling young author."

Mr. Tudball: "Well, if she has, he may as well stop struggling."

* * *

Tramp: "Lady, could yer gimme a quarter to get me where me family is?"

Miss DeVigne (who is visiting in city): "Certainly, my poor man, where is your family?"

Tramp: "At de movies."

* * *

A hardened motorist ran down a pedestrian.

"Hey," he shouted, "while you're under there, take a look at my brake rods."

* * *

McEachren to Mr. Dowden: "Bet that car sticks to the road all right."

Mr. Dowden: "You're right. It stuck five hours this morning before I could move it."

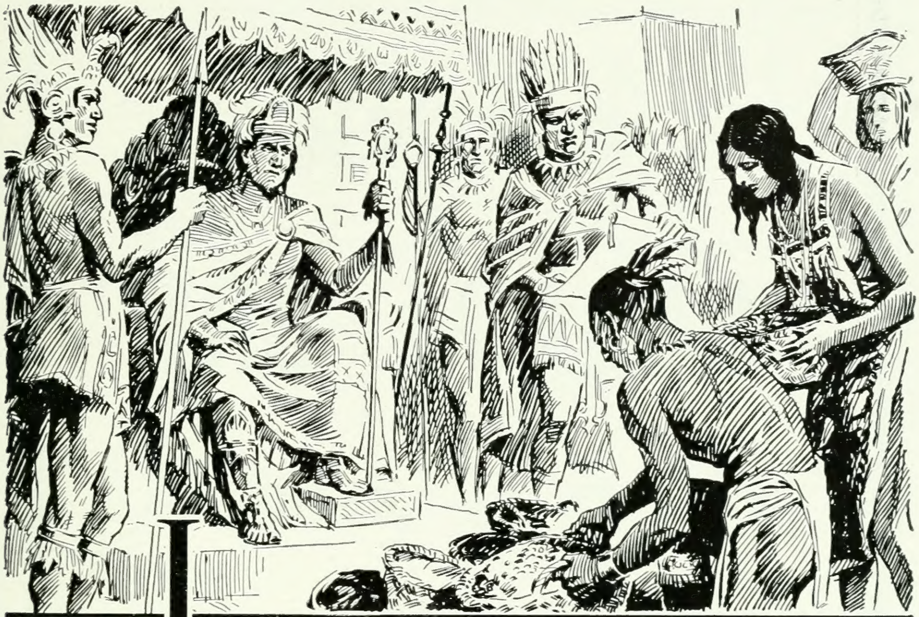
Boys Attending St. Andrew's College 1931-1932

Ackerman, J. H.	234 Ann St.	Belleville, Ont.
Adams, W. H.	2 Indian Valley Cres	Toronto
Adams, A. J.	2 Indian Valley Cres.	Toronto
Adamson, E. G.	Dundas St.	Oakville, Ont.
Allespach, B. W.	Hotel Jamestown Bldg	Jamestown, N.Y.
Allespach, P. H.	Hotel Jamestown Bldg	Jamestown, N.Y.
Armstrong, T. G.	356 McIntyre St. W.	North Bay, Ont.
Armstrong, A. R.	356 McIntyre St. W.	North Bay, Ont.
Barker, H. W.	Ethel Park	Beaverton, Ont.
Bimel, C. C.	423 Russell Hill Rd	Toronto
Blair, K. L.	Apt. A-21, Chateau Montreal	Montreal, Que.
Bloom, J. C.	2951 Montgomery Rd	Shaker Heights, Ohio
Brown, G. W.	Glen Eagles Apt. Côte des Neiges Rd.	Montreal, Que.
Cameron, D. A.	706 Junior Terrace	Chicago, Ill.
Cattle, Robt. T.	Seward	Nebraska
Chapman, W. R.	143 Alexandra Blvd	Toronto
Choppin, J. S.	Newmarket	Ontario
Christie, G. J.	155 Sorauren Ave	Toronto
Clement, A. F.	18 Glen Grove Ave. W.	Toronto
Corson, R. R.	87 Jameson Ave.	Toronto
Cousins, D. F.	47 Kingsway Dr.	Toronto
Cox, F. G.	166 Isabella St.	Toronto
Cox, H. M.	166 Isabella St.	Toronto
Cox, Wm. I.	Jamshedpur, Via Tara Nagar	India
Detweiler, J. A.	51 Kenwood Ave.	Rochester, N.Y.
Donnelly, T. H. G.	Kincaid	Saskatchewan
Donovan, J. H.	157 Spadina Rd	Toronto
Doyle, H. S.	Newmarket	Ontario
Drennan, I. H.	1105 Union Trust	Winnipeg, Man.
Drennan, C. I.	1105 Union Trust	Winnipeg, Man.
Eakins, R. E.	280 North Court St	Port Arthur, Ont.
Elliott, T. C.	2 Sultan St	Toronto
Ellis, J. S.	73 Sighthill Ave.	Toronto
Ellis, E. H.	73 Sighthill Ave.	Toronto
Evans, L. S.	78 Edgewood Ave	Toronto
Fee, E. S.	Thornhill	Ontario
Findlay, H. J.	Carleton Place	Ontario
Finlay, W. G.	43 Highview Cres	Toronto
Flemming, J. H.	2299 Wilson Ave	Montreal, Que.
Forbes, T. R.	40 Lorne Cres.	Brantford, Ont.
Fowler, C. N.	16 Edmund Ave.	Toronto
Fox, C. W.	858 West Boston Blvd	Detroit, Mich.
Goodwin, H. G.	510 Queen St. E.	Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Gow, W. J.	639 Victoria Ave	Windsor, Ont.
Graham, R. J.	Trent Rd.	Belleville, Ont.
Graham, A. F.	112 St. Clair Ave. W.	Toronto
Green, J. A.	16 Lynwood Ave	Toronto
Green, J. L.	73 Highlands Ave.	Toronto
Gripton, J. M.	35 St. Leonards Cres.	Toronto
Hamilton, G. P.	"The Wyoming," 853 Seventh Ave.	New York City, N.Y.
Hamilton, J. H.	126 Blake St.	Barrie, Ont.
Hare, R. W.	173 Close Ave.	Toronto
Harris, R. J.	273 Glenmanor Dr. E.	Toronto
Heintzman, C. H.	Thornhill	Ontario
Henderson, W. R.	195 Poplar Plains Rd.	Toronto
Hethrington, T. E.	20 Elm Ave	Toronto
Holton, P. M.	273 Riverside Dr.	East Windsor, Ont.
Housser, J. G.	251 Warren Rd	Toronto
Hughes, J. F.	1357 Bathurst St.	Toronto
Jennings, W. G.	146 Crescent Rd	Toronto
Jennings, I. L.	146 Crescent Rd.	Toronto
Jones, J. D.	977 Queen St. E.	Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
Jarvis, A. M.	9303 E. Jefferson Ave.	Detroit, Mich.
Jarvis, H. H.	9303 E. Jefferson Ave.	Detroit, Mich.
Kilgour, R. C.	112 Old Forest Hill Rd	Toronto
Lillico, D. H.	262 Poplar Plains Rd.	Toronto
MacAskill, D.	Copper Cliff	Ontario
McCausland, G. A.	482 Oriole Parkway	Toronto
McColl, J. B.	110 Kilbarry Rd.	Toronto
Macdonald, E. S.	Norval	Ontario
MacDonald, G. C.	89 Douglas Dr.	Toronto
Macdonald, I. B.	18 Heathdale Rd.	Toronto
McDowell, W. H.	71 Ontario St.	Walkerville, Ont.
McEachern, F. F.	1 Whitney Ave	Toronto
McIntyre, W. O.	Newmarket	Ontario
McIver, W. A.	Sioux Lookout	Ontario
Mackay, W. L.	Tamsui, Formosa	Japan
MacKerrow, R. E.	394 Avenue Rd.	Toronto
MacKerrow, W. A.	394 Avenue Rd.	Toronto
McLean, D. B.	Bathurst	New Brunswick
MacIntosh, D.	50 Margaret St.	Kitchener, Ont.
Marlatt, K. A. W.	Oakville	Ontario
Martin, C. B.	254 4th Ave	New York City, N.Y.
Metcalfe, B. E.	174 Glen Rd.	Toronto
Mitchell, J. W.	Kirkfield	Ontario
Moffatt, F. H.	580 Windermere Ave	Toronto
Montgomery, A. S.	68 Inglewood Dr.	Toronto
Moorehead, T. G.	Brampton	Ontario
Moorehead, J. S.	Brampton	Ontario

Neal, W. A.	P.O. Box 846	St. John's, Nfld.
Noble, R. E.	Kapuskasing	Ontario
Parker, R. B	Box 83, Montvale	New Jersey
Parsons, J. B.	Goderich	Ontario
Parsons, J. L.	Goderich	Ontario
Paulin, H. M.	405 Victoria Ave.	Windsor, Ont.
Pentland, W. T.	262 Warren Rd	Toronto
Perrin, J. D.	52 Riverside Dr., Ft. Garry	Winnipeg, Man.
Pipe, G. F.	80 Lynwood Ave	Toronto
Plaunt, W. B.	Box 1078	Sudbury, Ont.
Ponsford, G. A.	92 Wellington St.	St. Thomas, Ont.
Powell, J. E.	202 Cote St. Antoine Rd	Westmount, Que.
Puddicombe, B. E.	1543 Bloor St. W.	Toronto
Pulling, J. A.	212 Sandwich St.	Sandwich, Ont.
Qua, W. A.	Collingwood	Ontario
Rea, P. C.	152 Warren Rd	Toronto
Robertson, E. E.	Milton West	Ontario
Roden, T. R.	127 Dunn Ave.	Toronto
Rowell, F. N. A.	134 Crescent Rd.	Toronto
Russell, R. L.	186 Chapin Parkway	Buffalo, N.Y.
Rowan, D. H.	151 Forest Hill Rd	Toronto
Shapley, J. M.	173 Lyndhurst Ave	Toronto
Sharp, W. S.	R.R. No. 1, Tyrone	Ontario
Shoch, J. R.	2500 Fidelity-Philadelphia Trust Bldg	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sinclair, P. A.	42 Toronto St.	Barrie, Ont.
Slingsby, E. H.	93 Golfdale Ave	Toronto
Smith, J. G.	Mercury Mills Ltd.	Hamilton, Ont.
Smith, H. M.	Mercury Mills Ltd.	Hamilton, Ont.
Smith, J. E.	465 Victoria Ave.	Windsor, Ont.
Steele, W. T.	37 Parkwood Ave.	Toronto
Straith, J. L.	Standard Paint & Varnish Co.	Windsor, Ont.
Sweezey, R. J.	48 Belvedere Place	Westmount, Que.
Teare, R. P.	Box 371	Haileybury, Ont.
Thomson, H. M.	264 Russell Hill Rd	Toronto
Thompson, M. W.	47 Clergy St.	Kingston, Ont.
Thompson, A. S.	343 Walmer Rd.	Toronto
Thompson, E. W.	Prince George Hotel	Toronto
Vibert, G. E.	546 South Catalina Ave	Pasadena, Calif.
Vowell, R. C.	244 Lonsmount Dr.	Toronto
Walker, R. H.	Beaumaris	Ontario
Westcott, L. A.	Beaumaris	Ontario
Waller, R. E.	240 Inglewood Dr.	Toronto
Webster, J. B.	Deseronto	Ontario
Webster, K. L.	"Crakeholme"	Long Branch, Ont.
Young, J. T. S.	Sudbury	Ontario
Yule, J. C.	Arnprior	Ontario

AUTOGRAPHS



In......
Montezuma's Day
Cocoa Beans *were used as Money*

THE value of the cocoa bean was appreciated in Mexico long before the discovery of America. The Spaniard found there a beverage, known in Aztec as "chocolate"—from choco (cocoa) and lath (water). The Emperor Montezuma was exceedingly fond of it and is said to have consumed many jars or pitchers daily himself and his household 2,000 jars.

Cocoa beans in sacks containing a specified number were used as currency for the payment of taxes, purchase of slaves, etc. In fact the Aztecs valued the cocoa beans even more highly than gold. Chocolate was introduced to Spain which country long tried to hold it from other nations, but of course failed, and by the 17th century its use had spread through Europe.

Cocoa beans are grown in West Africa, the West Indies, Ceylon and other countries. In making Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate only the finest cocoa beans are employed and these are blended by Neilson's experts, then roasted, ground and milled by special processes to give that smooth, rich, matchless flavor that makes Neilson's Jersey Milk the best milk chocolate made.

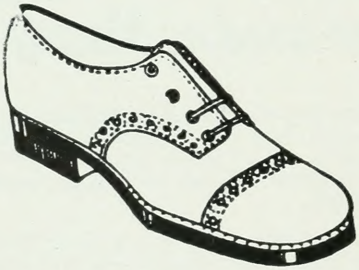
Neilson's
THE BEST MILK CHOCOLATE MADE

Neilson's
JERSEY
MILK
CHOCOLATE

DRINK

"CANADA DRY"

AND BE HAPPY



Smart Shoes for Young Men

Style and shapeliness
built into each pair.

$7 — $8 — $10

H. & C. BLACHFORD, LIMITED
286 YONGE ST., TORONTO
At Dundas Street

The
Panoramic
Photographers
of
Groups, Residences,
Estates, Parks, etc.

WE SPECIALIZE IN
COLLEGE
AND
SPORTING GROUPS

Panoramic Camera Co.
OF CANADA
321 ST. GEORGE ST.
MI. 3663
Established over 25 Years

DON ROMANELLI

Leading the New Royal York
Dance Orchestra
is making the nightly Supper Dance at the
Royal York irresistible.

From 9 to
1 a.m.
Saturdays
9 to 12 p.m.

New music . . . new dances . . . new and enlarged orchestra . . . one of the finest dancing floors on the continent . . . the gayest supper dance in town.

ROYAL YORK
TORONTO
A Canadian Pacific Hotel

Whebby's Yeast Caps

THE SUPPLEMENTAL AND CORRECTIVE PROPERTIES OF YEAST, CAN BE OBTAINED BY TAKING DRIED BREWER'S YEAST IN CAPSULE FORM.

C. G. WHEBBY, Phm.B.
Professional Pharmacy
261 AVENUE ROAD

Telephones: RAN. 3892; Prescriptions RAN. 0223

No Safer Depository in Canada

An Exclusively Canadian Bank

A general Banking business transacted. Bond Department. Safety Deposit Boxes. Letters of Credit. Travellers' Cheques. Consult our local manager regarding your requirements.

Savings Bank Department

One dollar opens an account. Interest paid at current rates at all Branches.

42 Branches in Toronto
227 Branches in Canada

CORRESPONDENTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

IMPERIAL BANK
OF CANADA

Yonge & Queen Sts. Branch, Toronto - J. F. Scarth, Manager

FAMED FOR FLAVOR

IDEAL BREAD
— AND —
HOSTESS CAKES

Ideal Bread Co., Limited
183-193 DOVERCOURT ROAD, TORONTO
PHONE—LOMBARD 1192

ARMOUR, BELL, BOSWELL & CRONYN
LIMITED

INSURANCE BROKERS

24 KING STREET WEST

TORONTO

RATHBONE
and Co.
A. H. MURRAY
92 Yonge Street

Importers of
Exclusive Men's Wear

EVENING
DRESS
APPAREL

Phone EL. 6750

BACON
LARD

The WHYTE
PACKING CO.
LIMITED
78 FRONT ST. EAST

BUTTER
EGGS

The Prince George Hotel

Cor. King and York Streets

Where hospitality and an atmosphere of quiet make this hostelry an abode sought by quiet home-loving people. Excellence of cuisine and efficiency of service is the secret of our success. Unexcelled facilities for the serving of Luncheons and Banquets. The finest dancing floor in the city.

We invite your patronage

E. WINNETT THOMPSON
Managing Director

J. M. LYNCH
Res. Manager

TRINITY COLLEGE

IN THE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Trinity College, federated with the University and now removed to Queen's Park, is one of the Arts Colleges of the University and includes:

1. A Faculty of Arts providing instruction for students in classes of limited size in all subjects taught by the colleges.
2. The full advantages of Federation with the University, instruction by its Professors, qualification for its Scholarships and Degrees, use of its Library, Laboratories and Athletic facilities and membership in Hart House.
3. A Faculty of Divinity in which Trinity exercises its University powers of conferring degrees and prepares candidates for the ministry of the Church.
4. Residences under College regulations for men—"Trinity House"; and for women students—"St. Hilda's"; also for members of the academic staff.
5. The Scholarships offered by the College have recently been revised and largely increased. Full particulars will be supplied on request.

For information concerning Scholarships, Exhibitions, Bursaries, etc., address

The Registrar, Trinity College, Toronto 5

NEW SPORTING GOODS SHOP

"We can equip you for every line of sport"

LOVE & BENNETT LIMITED

MAPLE LEAF GARDENS

CARLTON STREET, TORONTO   PHONE ELGIN 5701

Distinctively Different!

MAPLE LEAF

PASTEURIZED

CHEESE

"It Spreads or Slices"

SOLD IN ½lb. CARTONS

BROWN'S SPORTS EQUIPMENT

BASEBALL - LACROSSE
CRICKET
GOLF - TENNIS
TRACK - SWIMMING
OUTING CLOTHING

BROWN'S SPORTS and CYCLE CO. LIMITED

345 Yonge Street, Toronto

PARK BROTHERS

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Portraits : : *Groups*

328½ YONGE STREET   Telephone AD. 9710

USE TWICE A DAY

CORSON'S

CHARCOAL TOOTH PASTE

None Better

100% CANADIAN

Price 25c

ROLPH R. CORSON
LIMITED
TORONTO

Bone, Muscle, Vitality,
Resistance to Disease
comes from Drinking
Milk With Every Meal

* * *

City Dairy

KINGSDALE 6151

which supplies St. Andrew's
exclusively

CAMEO
VELLUM

Welcome indeed at any time—but when a letter is written on Cameo Vellum it really does seem that the sender has appraised your friendship as more than casual. Cameo Vellum presents immaculate whiteness and exquisite style at a very moderate price.

Barber-Ellis
Limited
of Canada

Makers of fine Stationery since 1876

Toronto
Brantford
Calgary
Vancouver
Montreal
Winnipeg
Edmonton
Regina

Branksome Hall
10 Elm Avenue, Rosedale, Toronto
A Residential and Day School for Girls
Principal: MISS EDITH M. READ, M.A.
Pass and Honour Matriculation, French House, Art, Music, Domestic Science, Large Playgrounds, Primary School for Day Pupils.
For prospectus apply to the Principal

J. F. Willis
Druggist - Aurora

DACK'S
"Bond Street"
SHOES
Now $8.75

NOW, at a big saving, you can buy Dack's "Bond Street" shoes for school, dress and sports wear. Included at this new, low price, $8.75, are the Scotch grain model, and the noted "Braemar" golf shoe.

Boys' Shoes at $7.50

Dack's
SHOES FOR MEN

Toronto Stores:
73 King St. W. 46 Bloor St. E.

HIGGINS and BURKE LIMITED
Wholesale Grocers and Importers
Roasters and Blenders of
High Grade Teas and Coffees
33 FRONT STREET E., TORONTO, ONT.

SPALDING FOR

Made in Canada

SPORT EQUIPMENT

The Leader for over 50 years

Specialists in

SPORT OUTFITTING

Write for free illustrated catalogue

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

OF CANADA, LIMITED

BRANTFORD TORONTO MONTREAL VANCOUVER

YORK MILLS and FOREST HILL VILLAGE

Restricted building sites are offered at reasonable prices and reasonable terms.

For particulars—

R. J. LILLICO

364 Bay Street, Toronto

ELGIN 2345

Hunt's

"THE BETTER KIND"

CANDIES

ICE CREAM

TEAROOMS

PASTRIES

NOVELTIES

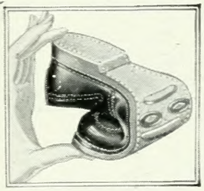
30 SHOPS

TORONTO LONDON

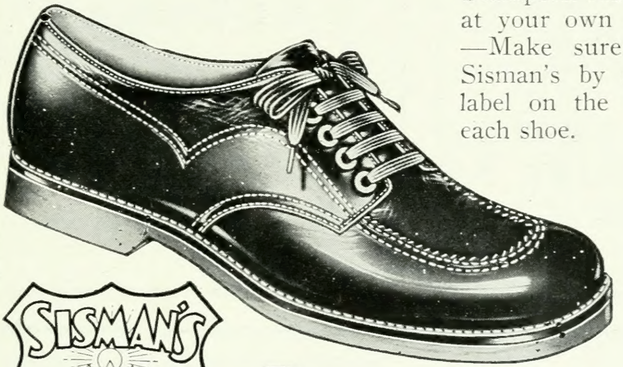
HAMILTON OTTAWA

At Scout Camps, Military Camps & College Camps –

they are wearing them!



BEFORE going to camp this summer, make sure your kit includes a pair of Sisman's Scampers. Ask for them at your own shoe store —Make sure they are Sisman's by seeing the label on the tongue of each shoe.



The
T. Sisman
Shoe Co.,
Limited,

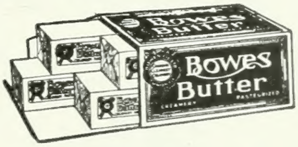
Aurora,
Ontario

SISMAN'S SCAMPERS

SISMAN'S SCAMPERS

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND CANADIANS ARE WEARING THEM.

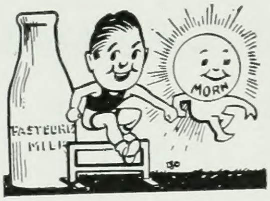
It's Mild
It's Fresh
It's Always Good



CHURNED FRESH EVERY DAY

SOLD ONLY THROUGH THE RETAIL STORES

Cousins Dairy Products



Outdoor Sports and Pure Milk

They go together to build up the energy that young men need.

COUSINS WHOLE MILK DAIRY

Phone 163

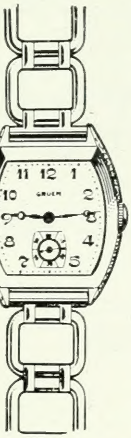
YONGE ST. AURORA

Dr. E. V. Underhill

Dentist

AURORA

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



$25.00

THE GRUEN
COLLEGE WATCH

It is so well constructed that it keeps accurate time under the most severe treatment. Our wide range enables you to select with ease.

KENTS LIMITED
144 YONGE STREET

MR. PEANUT REGISTERED

HIT OF THE SEASON

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

Miss Puritan Says

"I'm A
Laundress"

I'll do your Washing and Ironing
for a dollar or so a week

Puritan Laundress
Service

KINGSDALE 5171

292 Brunswick Avenue
TORONTO

"THE COMPLETE ORGANIZATION"

Photo Engravers & Electrotypers, Ltd.
91 GOULD ST. - - - TORONTO

12 LINES TO CENTRAL - WAVERLEY 3821

DESIGNERS, ILLUSTRATORS
PHOTOGRAPHERS, ENGRAVERS,
and
ELECTROTYPERS

MAKERS OF PLATES BY ALL PROCESSES

Compliments
of

EVERIST BROS.
LIMITED

WHOLESALE
FRUIT
and
COMMISSION
MERCHANTS

2733 DUNDAS ST. W.
TORONTO

AURORA
and
TORONTO

THE
SCANLON
BAKERY

Specializing in
Wholesome & Nutritious
Baking

Aurora: Phone 62

TORONTO:
Phone: MO. 5298 2630 Yonge St.
Phone: RAn. 8813 4 Roxborough St.
Phone: KEN. 0336 1165 St. Clair W.

W. R. McQUADE

Merchant Tailor

Phone 119w
" 119j

AURORA

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

Plaza Cafe

Appetizing Food
at
Moderate Prices

Phone 194 Aurora, Ont.

Canadian Grown

TREES
SHRUBS ROSES
EVERGREENS
PERENNIALS
ALPINES

The SHERIDAN NURSERIES Limited

Head Office:
4 ST. THOMAS ST.

Nurseries:
CLARKSON and SHERIDAN

THE THREE ESSENTIALS

The three qualities essential to success are Prudence, Thrift and Self-Restraint, but the greatest of these is Thrift. Life insurance is the ideal method of promoting all of these qualities.

THE NATIONAL LIFE

Assurance Co. of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - - TORONTO

Good Clothes Sold Here

Yes Sir! ---they are all 100% in
Style - Comfort - Value

Mens' Suits

$22.50 $27.50 $35.00

Including Extra Trousers

Kent Building Yonge and Richmond

Pascoes LIMITED

Uptown Shop Yonge and Bloor

DOMINION
STORES
LTD.

*CANADA'S LARGEST
RETAIL GROCERS*

* * *

100% CANADIAN
INSTITUTION

* * *

*ALL CANADIAN OPERATED AND NOT
AFFILIATED WITH ANY
OTHER CHAIN*

SEE THE
GAS
REFRIGERATOR
FIRST

*The Door is
the only
moving part*

Year after year the gas refrigerator does its quiet work of preserving food. There are no wheels, belts, valves—nothing to make the least sound.

You are well advised if you see the GAS REFRIGERATOR first.

The
CONSUMERS' GAS COMPANY
OF TORONTO